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CUPID'S CONFLICT.

BY DR. HENRY MORE.

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[This poem is inserted at the request of a friend, in place of the contribution requested from himself, as the best prologue to any work that could be offered to men in the present time. Apart from its pertinence to thoughts that are continually presenting themselves among us, it is a privilege to meet with a production of Henry More's, copies of whose works are rarely to be found here.]

MELA. — CLEANTHES.

CLE. — MELA, my dear! why been thy looks so sad
As if thy gentle heart were sunk with care?
Impart thy case; for be it good or bad,
Friendship in either will bear equall share.

MEL. — Not so, Cleanthes, for if bad it be,
Myself must bleed afresh by wounding thee:

But what it is, my slow, uncertain wit
Cannot well judge. But thou shalt sentence give
How manfully of late myself I quit,
When with that lordly lad by chance I strive.

CLE. — Of friendship, Mela! let's that story hear.

MEL. — Sit down, Cleanthes, then, and lend thine ear.

Upon a day as best did please my mind,
Walking abroad amidst the verdant field,

Scattering my carefull thoughts i' th' wanton wind,
The pleasure of my path so farre had till'd
My feeble feet, that without timely rest,
Uneath it were to reach my wonted nest.

In secret shade farre moved from mortalls' sight,
In lowly dale my wandering limbs I laic,
On the cool grasse where nature's pregnant wit
A goodly bower of thickest trees had made.
Amongst the leaves the chearful birds did fare
And sweetly carol'd to the echoing air.

Hard at my feet ran down a crystall spring,
Which did the cumbrous pebbles hoarsly chide
For standing in the way. Though murmuring,
The broken stream his course did rightly guide,
And strongly pressing forward with disdain
The grassy flore divided into twain.

The place awhile did feed my foolish eye,
As being new, and eke mine idle ear
Did listen oft to that wild harmonie,
And oft my curious phansie would compare
How well agreed the brook's low muttering base
With the birds' trebbles perch'd on higher place.

But sense's objects soon do glut the soul,
Or rather weary with their emptinesse;
So I, all heedless how the waters roll
And mindless of the mirth the birds expresse,
Into myself 'gin softly to retire
After hid heavenly pleasures to enquire.

While I this enterprise do entertain,
Lo! on the other side in thickest bushes,
A mighty noise! with that a naked swain
With blew and purple wings streight rudely rushes,
He leaps down light upon the floury green,
Like sight before mine eyes had never seen.

At's snowy back the boy a quiver wore,
Right fairly wrought and gilded all with gold;
A silver bow in his left hand he bore,
And in his right a ready shaft did hold.
Thus armed stood he, and betwixt us tway,
The labouring brook did break its toilsome way.

The wanton lad, whose sport is others' pain,
Did charge his bended bow with deadly dart,
And drawing to the head with might and main,
With fell intent he aimed to hit my heart.

But ever as he shot his arrows still
In their mid course dropt down into the rill.

Of wondrous virtues that in waters been,
Is needlesse to rehearse, all brooks do sing
Of those strange rarities. But ne're was seen
Such virtue as resided in this spring.
The noveltie did make me much admire,
But stirr'd the hasty youth to ragefull ire.

As heedlesse fowls that take their per'lous flight
Over that bane of birds, Averno lake,
Do drop down dead; so dead his shafts did light
Amid the stream, which presently did slake
Their fiery points, and all their feathers wet,
Which made the youngster Godling inly fret.

Thus lustfull Love (this was that love I ween,)
Was wholly changed to consuming ire,
And eath it was, sith they're so near of kin,
They be both born of one rebellious fire.
But he supprest his wrath, and by and by
For feathered darts he winged words let flie.

Vain man! said he, and would thou wer'st not vain,
That hid'st thyself in solitary shade,
And spil'st thy precious youth in sad disdain,
Hating this life's delights. Hath God thee made
Part of this world, and wilt not thou partake
Of this world's pleasure for its maker's sake?

Unthankfull wretch! God's gifts thus to reject,
And maken nought of nature's goodly dower,
That milders still away through thy neglect,
And dying fades like unregarded flower.
This life is good, what's good thou must improve,
The highest improvement of this life is love.

Had I, (but O that envious destinie,
Or Stygian vow, or thrice accursed charm,
Should in this place free passage thus denie
Unto my shafts as messengers of harm!)
Had I but once transfixt thy forward breast,
How wouldst thou then — I staid not for the rest;

But thus half angry to the boy replide;
How would'st thou then my soul of sense bereave!
I blinded, thee more blind should choose my guide!
How would'st thou then my muddied mind deceive,
With fading shows, that in my error vile
Base lust, I love should tearm; vice, virtue stile.

How should my wicked rhymes then idolize
Thy wretched power, and with impious wit
Impute thy base-born passions to the skies,
And my soul's sickness count an heavenly fit,
My weaknesse strength, my wisdom to be caught,
My bane my blisse, mine ease to be o're wraught.

How often through my fondly feigning mind
And frantick phansie, in my mistris' eye,
Should I a thousand fluttering cupids find,
Bathing their busy wings? How oft espie
Under the shadow of her eyebrows fair,
Ten thousand graces sit all naked bare.

Thus haunted should I be with such fell fiends,
A pretty madnesse were my portion due;
Foolish myself, I would not hear my friends,
Should deem the true for false, the false for true;
My way all dark, more slippery than ice;
My attendants, anger, pride, and jealousies.

Unthankfull then to God, I should neglect
All the whole world for one poor sorry wight,
Whose pestilent eye into my heart project,
Would burn like poysonous comet in my spight.
Aye me! how dismall then would prove that day
Whose only light sprang from so fatall ray.

Who seeks for pleasure in this mortall life
By diving deep into the body base,
Shall loose true pleasure; but who gainly strive
Their sinking soul above this bulk to place,
Enlarged delight they certainly shall find,
Unbounded joyes to fill their boundlesse mind.

When I myself from mine own self do quit,
And each thing else, then an all-sprede love
To the vast universe my soul doth fit,
Makes me half equall to all-seeing Jove;
My mightie wings, high stretch'd then clapping light,
I brush the starres and make them shine more bright.

Then all the works of God with close embrace
I dearly hug in my enlarged arms,
All the hid paths of heavenly love I trace,
And boldly listen to his secret charmes.
Then clearly view I where true light doth rise,
And where eternall Night low pressed lies.

Thus lose I not by leaving small delight,
But gain more joy, while I myself suspend

From this and that ; for then with all unite
I all enjoy, and love that love commends,
That all is more then loves the partiall soul
Whose petty love th' impartiall fates controll.

Ah, son ! said he, (and laughed very loud,)
That trickst thy tongue with uncouth, strange disguise,
Extolling highly that with speeches proud
To mortall men that humane state denies,
And rashly blaming what thou never knew ;
Let men experienced speak, if they'll speak true.

Had I once lanced thy froward, flinty heart,
And cruddled bloud had thawed with living fire,
And prickt thy drowsie sprite with gentle smart,
How would'st thou wake to kindle sweet desire !
Thy soul fill'd up with overflowing pleasures
Would dew thy lips with honey'd, topping measures.

Then would thou caroll loud and sweetly sing
In honour of my sacred Deity,
That all the woods and hollow hills would ring
Reëchoing thy heavenly harmony ;
And eke the tardy rocks with full rebounds
Would faithfully return thy silver sounds.

Next unto me would be thy mistresse fair,
Whom thou might setten out with goodly skill
Her peerlesse beauty and her virtues rare,
That all would wonder at thy graceful quill,
And lastly in us both thyself should'st raise
And crown thy temples with immortal bayes.

But now thy riddles all men do neglect,
Thy rugged lines of all do ly forlorn ;
Unwelcome rhymes that rudely do detect
The reader's ignorance. Men holden scorn
To be so often non-plus'd, or to spell,
And on one stanza a whole age to dwell.

Besides this harsh and hard obscurity,
Of the hid sense, thy words are barbarous,
And strangely new, and yet too frequently,
Return, as usuall, plain and obvious,
So that the snow of the new thick-set patch
Marres all the old with which it ill doth match.

But if thy haughty mind, forsooth would deign
To stoop so low, as t' hearken to my lore,
Then wouldst thou with trim lovers not disdeign
To adorn th' outside, set the best before ;

Nor rub nor wrinkle would thy verses spoil;
Thy rhymes should run as glib and smooth as oyl.

If that be all, said I, thy reasons slight
Can never move my well established mind;
Full well I note always the present sprite,
Or life that doth possesse the soul, doth blind,
Shutting the windows 'gainst broad open day,
Lest fairer sights its ugliness bewray.

The soul then loves that disposition best
Because no better comes into her view;
The drunkard drunkenness, the sluggard rest,
Th' ambitious honour and obeysance due;
So all the rest do love their vices base,
Cause virtue's beauty comes not into place.

And looser love 'gainst chastity divine,
Would shut the door, that he might sit alone;
Then wholly should my mind to him incline,
And woxen strait, (since larger love was gone,)
That paltry spirit of low contracting lust
Would fit my soul as if 't were made for 't just.

Then should I with my fellow bird or brute,
So strangely metamorphosed, either ney,
Or bellow loud; or if 't may better sute,
Chirp out my joy perch'd upon higher spray,
My passions fond with impudence rehearse,
Immortalize my madness in a verse.

This is the summe of thy deceiving boast,
That I vain rudeness highly should admire,
When I the sense of better things have lost,
And changed my heavenly heat for hellish fire;
Passion is blind; but virtue's piercing eye,
Approaching danger can from farre espie.

And what thou dost pedantickly object,
Concerning my rude, rugged, uncouth style,
As childish toy I manfully neglect,
And at thy hidden snares do inly smile;
How ill alas! with wisdom it accords
To sell my living sense for livelease words.

My thoughts the fittest measure of my tongue,
Wherefore I'll use what's most significant,
And rather than my inward meaning wrong,
Or my full-shining notion trimly skant,
I'll conjure up old urns out of their grave,
Or call fresh forrein force in if need I crave.

And these attending to my moving mind
Shall only usher in the fitting sense.
As oft as meet occasion I find,
Unusuall words oft used give lesse offence ;
Nor will the old contexture dim or marre,
For often used they're next to old thred-bare.

And if the old seem in too rusty hew,
Then frequent rubbing makes them shine like gold,
And glister all with colour gayly new ;
Wherefore to use them both we will be bold,
Thus lists me fondly with fond folk to toy,
And answer fools with equal foolery.

The meaner mind works with more nicetie
As spiders wont to weave their idle web,
But braver spirits do all things gallantly,
Of lesser failings nought at all asfied.
So Nature's careless pencill dipt in light
With sprinkled starres hath spattered the night.

And if my notions clear though rudely thrown,
And loosely scattered in my poesie,
May lend new light till the dead night be gone,
And morning fresh with roses strew the sky ;
It is enough, I meant no trimmer frame,
Nor by nice needle-work to seek a name.

Vain man ! that seekest name 'mongst earthly men,
Devoid of God and all good virtuous lore,
Who groping in the dark do nothing ken,
But mad with griping care their souls so tore,
Or burst with hatred, or with envie pine,
Or burn with rage, or melt out at their eyne.

Thrice happy he whose name is writ above,
And doeth good though gaining infamy ;
Requiteth evil turns with hearty love,
And reckes not what befalls him outwardly ;
Whose worth is in himself, and onely blisse
In his pure conscience that doth nought amisse.

Who placeth pleasure in his purged soul,
And virtuous life his treasure doth esteem ;
Who can his passions master and controll,
And that true lordly manlinesse doth deem,
Who from this world himself hath clearly quit,
Counts nought his own but what lives in his spright.

So when his spright from this vain world shall flit,
It bears all with it whatsoever was dear

Unto itself, passing in easy fit,
 As kindly ripen'd corn comes out of th' ear,
 Thus mindlesse of what idle men will say
 He takes his own and stilly goes his way.

But the retinue of proud Lucifer,
 Those blustering poets that fly after fame,
 And deck themselves like the bright morning starre,
 Alas! it is but all a crackling flame,
 For death will strip them of that glorious plume,
 That airie blisse will vanish into fume.

For can their carefull ghosts from Limbo Lake
 Return, or listen from the bowed skie,
 To heare how well their learned lines do take?
 Or if they could, is Heaven's felicitie
 So small, as by man's praise to be encreased,
 Hell's pain no greater than hence to be eas'd?

Therefore once dead in vain shall I transmit
 My shadow to gazing posterity,
 Cast far behind me I shall never see 't,
 On heaven's fair sunne having fast fixt mine eye,
 Nor while I live, heed I what man doth praise
 Or underprise mine unaffected layes.

What moves thee then, said he, to take the pains
 And spenden time if thou contemn'st the fruit?
 Sweet fruit of fame, that fills the poet's brains
 With high conceit and feeds his fainting wit;
 How pleasant 't is in honours here to live,
 And dead, thy name forever to survive!

Or is thy abject mind so basely bent,
 As of the muse to maken merchandise?
 (And well I note this is no strange intent)
 The hopeful glimpse of gold from chattering pies,
 From daws and crows and parrots, oft hath wrong
 An unexpected Pegaseian song.

Foul shame on him, quoth I, that shameful thought
 Doth entertain within his dunghill breast,
 Both God and nature hath my spirits wrought
 To better temper, and of old hath blest
 My loftie soul with more divine aspires,
 Than to be touched with such vile, low desires.

I hate and highly scorn that cestrell kind
 Of bastard scholars that subordinate
 The precious, choice induements of the mind
 To wealth and worldly good. Adulterate

And cursed brood! Your wit and wile are born
Of the earth and circling thither do return.

Profit and honour be those measures scant
Of your slight studies and endeavours vain,
And when you once have got what you did want
You leave your learning to enjoy your gain;
Your brains grow low, your bellies swell up high,
Foul sluggish fat ditts up your dulled eye.

Thus, what the earth did breed to th' earth is gone,
Like fading hearb or feeble drooping flower,
By feet of men and beast quite trodden down,
The mucksprung learning cannot long endure,
Back she returns lost in her filthy source,
Drown'd, choked, or slocken by her cruel nurse.

True virtue to herself's the best reward,
Rich with her own and full of lively spirit,
Nothing cast down for want of due regard,
Or cause rude men acknowledge not her merit;
She knows her worth, and stock from where she sprung
Spreads fair without the warmth of earthly dung,

Dewed with the drops of heaven shall flourish long;
As long as day and night do share the skie,
And though that day and night should fail, yet strong
And steddie, fixed on eternitie,
Shall bloom forever. So the soul shall speed,
That loveth virtue for no worldly meed.

Though sooth to say, the worldly meed is due
To her more than to all the world beside;
Men ought do homage with affections true,
And offer gifts, for God doth there reside;
The wise and virtuous soul is his own seat,
To such what's given God himself doth get.

But worldly minds, whose sight seal'd up with mud,
Discern not this flesh-clouded Deity,
Ne do acknowledge any other good
Than what their mole-warp hands can feel and trie,
By groping touch; (thus worth of them unseen,)
Of nothing worthy that true worth they ween.

Wherefore the prudent lawgivers of old,
Even in all nations, with right sage foresight,
Discovering from farre how clums and cold
The vulgar wight would be to yield what's right
To virtuous learning, did the law designe
Great wealth and honor to that worth divine.

But nought's by law to poesy due, said he,
 Ne doth the solemn statesman's head take care
 Of those that such impertinent pieces be
 Of commonweals. Thou'd better then to spare
 Thy useless vein. Or tell else, what may move
 Thy busie muse such fruitlesse pains to prove.

No pains but pleasure to do th' dictates dear
 Of inward living nature. What doth move
 The nightingale to sing so sweet and clear,
 The thrush or lark, that mounting high above
 Chants her shrill notes to heedlesse ears of corn
 Heavily hanging in the dewy morn.

When life can speak, it cannot well withhold
 T' expresse its own impressions and hid life,
 Or joy or grief that smothered lie untold
 Do vex the heart and wring with restless strife,
 Then are my labors no true pains but ease,
 My soul's unrest they gently do appease.

Besides, that is not fruitlesse that no gains
 Brings to myself. I others' profit deem
 Mine own; and if at these my heavenly flames
 Others receive light right well I ween
 My time's not lost. Art thou now satisfide?
 Said I; to which the scoffing boy replide;

Great hope indeed, thy rhymes should men enlight,
 That be with clouds and darknesse all o'ercast,
 Harsh style and harder sense void of delight
 The reader's wearied eye in vain do wast;
 And when men win thy meaning with much pain,
 Thy uncouth sense they coldly entertain.

For wot'st thou not that all the world is dead
 Unto that genius that moves in thy vein
 Of poetrie? But like by like is fed;
 Sing of my trophies in triumphant strain,
 Then correspondent life thy powerful verse
 Shall strongly strike and with quick passions pierce.

The tender frie of lads and lasses young,
 With thirstie care thee compassing about,
 Thy nectar-dropping muse, thy sugar'd song
 Will swallow down with eager, hearty draught,
 Relishing truly what thy rhymes convey,
 And highly praising thy soul-smiting lay.

The mincing maid her mind will then bewray,
 Her heart-bloud flaming up into her face,

Grave matrons will wax wanton and betray
Their unresolv'dnesse in their wonted grace ;
Young boys and girls would feel a forward spring,
And former youth to old thou back wouldst bring.

All sexes, ages, orders, occupations,
Would listen to thee with attentive ear,
And eas'ly moved with sweet persuasions,
Thy pipe would follow with full merry chear ;
While thou thy lively voice didst loud advance
Their tickled blond for joy would inly dance.

But now, alas ! poor solitarie man !
In lonesome desert thou dost wander wide,
To seek and serve thy disappearing Pan,
Whom no man living in the world hath eyde ;
Sir Pan is dead, but I am still alive,
And live in men who honor to me give.

They honour also those that honour me
With sacred songs. But thou now sing'st to trees,
To rocks, to hills, to caves, that senselesse be
And mindless quite of thy hid mysteries,
In the void air thy idle voice is spread,
Thy muse is musick to the deaf or dead.

Now out alas ! and well-away,
The tale thou tellest I confess too true,
Fond man so doteth on this living clay,
His carcase dear, and doth its joys pursue,
That of his precious soul he takes no keep
Heaven's love and reason's light lie fast asleep.

This bodies life vain shadow of the soul
With full desire they closely do embrace,
In fleshly mud like swine they wallow and roll,
The loftiest mind is proud but of the face
Or outward person ; if men but adore
That walking sepulchre, cares for no more.

This is the measure of man's industry,
To wexen somebody and gather grace
For outward presence ; though true majestie,
Crown'd with that heavenly light and lively rayes
Of holy wisdom and seraphick love
From his deformed soul he farre remove.

Slight knowledge and lease virtue serves his turn
For this designe. If he hath trod the ring
Of pedling arts ; in usuall pack-horse form
Keeping the rode ; O ! then 't's a learned thing ;

If any chanc'd to write or speak what he
Conceives not, 't were a foul discourtesie.

To cleanse the soul from sinne and still diffide
Whether our reason's eye be clear enough,
To intromit true light, that fain would glide
Into purg'd hearts, this way's too harsh and rough,
Therefore the clearest truths may well seem dark,
When sloathfull men have eyes so dimme and stark.

These be our times. But if my minds' presage
Bear any moment, they can ne're last long,
A three-branch'd flame will soon sweep clear the stage
Of this old dirty drosse and all wex young.
My words into this frozen air I throw
Will then grow vocal at that generall thaw.

Nay, now thou 'rt perfect mad, said he, with scorn,
And full of foul derision quit the place;
The skie did rattle with his wings ytorn
Like to rent silk. But I in the mean space
Sent after him this message by the wind;
Be't so I'm mad, yet sure I am thou 'rt blind.

By this the outstretch'd shadows of the trees
Pointed me homeward, and with one consent
Foretold the daye's descent. So straight I rise
Gathering my limbs from off the green pavement,
Behind me leaving the sloping light.

CLE. — And now let's up. Vesper brings in the night.

Mr. Fuller

LIVES OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS, HAYDN, MOZART, HANDEL, BACH, BEETHOVEN.

THE lives of the musicians are imperfectly written for this obvious reason. The soul of the great musician can only be expressed in music. This language is so much more ready, flexible, full, and rapid than any other, that we can never expect the minds of those accustomed to its use to be expressed by act or word, with even that degree of adequacy, which we find in those of other men. They are accustomed to a higher stimulus, a more fluent existence. We must read them in their works; this, true of

artists in every department, is especially so of the high-priests of sound.

Yet the eye, which has followed with rapture the flight of the bird till it is quite vanished in the blue serene, reverts with pleasure to the nest which it finds of materials and architecture, that, if wisely examined, correspond entirely with all previously imagined of the songster's history and habits. The biography of the artist is a scanty gloss upon the grand text of his works, but we examine it with a deliberate tenderness, and could not spare those half-effaced pencil marks of daily life.

In vain the healthy reactions of nature have so boldly in our own day challenged the love of greatness, and bid us turn from Boswellism to read the record of the village clerk. These obscure men, you say, have hearts also, busy lives, expanding souls. Study the simple annals of the poor, and you find there, only restricted and stifled by accident, Milton, Calderon, or Michel Angelo. Precisely for that, precisely because we might be such as these, if temperament and position had seconded the soul's behest, must we seek with eagerness this spectacle of the occasional manifestation of that degree of development which we call hero, poet, artist, martyr. A sense of the depths of love and pity in our obscure and private breasts bids us demand to see their sources burst up somewhere through the lava of circumstance, and Peter Bell has no sooner felt his first throb of penitence and piety, than he prepares to read the lives of the saints.

Of all those forms of life which in their greater achievement shadow forth what the accomplishment of our life in the ages must be, the artist's life is the fairest in this, that it weaves its web most soft and full, because of the material most at command. Like the hero, the statesman, the martyr, the artist differs from other men only in this, that the voice of the demon within the breast speaks louder, or is more early and steadily obeyed than by men in general. But colors, and marble, and paper scores are more easily found to use, and more under command, than the occasions of life or the wills of other men, so that we see in the poet's work, if not a higher sentiment, or a deeper meaning, a more frequent and more perfect fulfilment than in him who builds his temple from the world day by day, or makes a nation his canvass and his palette.

It is also easier to us to get the scope of the artist's design and its growth as the area where we see it does not stretch vision beyond its power. The Sybil of Michel Angelo indeed shares the growth of centuries, as much as Luther's Reformation, but the first apparition of the one strikes both the senses and the soul, the other only the latter, so we look most easily and with liveliest impression at the Sybil.

Add the benefits of rehearsal and repetition. The grand Napoleon drama could be acted but once, but Mozart's Don Giovanni presents to us the same thought seven times a week, if we wish to yield to it so many.

The artists too are the young children of our sickly manhood, or wearied out old age. On us life has pressed till the form is marred and bowed down, but their youth is immortal, invincible, to us the inexhaustible prophecy of a second birth. From the naive lisplings of their uncalculating lives are heard anew the tones of that mystic song we call Perfectibility, Perfection.

Artist biographies, scanty as they are, are always beautiful. The tedious cavil of the Teuton cannot degrade, nor the sultry superlatives of the Italian wither them. If any fidelity be preserved in the record, it always casts new light on their works. The exuberance of Italian praise is the better extreme of the two, for the heart, with all its blunders, tells truth more easily than the head. The records before us of the great composers are by the patient and reverent Germans, the sensible, never to be duped Englishman, or the sprightly Frenchman; but a Vasari was needed also to cast a broader sunlight on the scene. All artist lives are interesting. And those of the musicians, peculiarly so to-day, when Music is *the* living, growing art. Sculpture, Painting, Architecture are indeed not dead, but the life they exhibit is as the putting forth of young scions from an old root. The manifestation is hopeful rather than commanding. But music, after all the wonderful exploits of the last century, grows and towers yet. Beethoven, towering far above our heads, still with colossal gesture points above. Music is pausing now to explain, arrange, or explore the treasures so rapidly accumulated; but how great the genius thus employed, how vast the promise for the next revelation! Beethoven seems to

have chronicled all the sobs, the heart-heavings, and god-like Promethean thefts of the Earth-spirit. Mozart has called to the sister stars, as Handel and Haydn have told to other spheres what has been actually performed in this; surely they will answer through the next magician.

The thought of the law that supersedes all thoughts, which pierces us the moment we have gone far in any department of knowledge or creative genius, seizes and lifts us from the ground in Music. "Were but this known all would be accomplished" is sung to us ever in the triumphs of Harmony. What the other arts indicate and Philosophy infers, this all-enfolding language declares, nay publishes, and we lose all care for to-morrow or modern life in the truth averred of old, that all truth is comprised in music and mathematics.

By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught where *faith* was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.

WORDSWORTH. "*Stanzas on the power of sound.*"

A very slight knowledge of music makes it the best means of interpretation. We meet our friend in a melody as in a glance of the eye, far beyond where words have strength to climb; we explain by the corresponding tone in an instrument that trait in our admired picture, for which no sufficiently subtle analogy had yet been found. Botany had never touched our true knowledge of our favorite flower, but a symphony displays the same attitude and hues; the philosophic historian had failed to explain the motive of our favorite hero, but every bugle calls and every trumpet proclaims him. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!

Of course we claim for music only a greater rapidity, fulness, and, above all, delicacy of utterance. All is in each and each in all, so that the most barbarous stammering of the Hottentot indicates the secret of man, as clearly as the rudest zoophyte the perfection of organized being, or the first stop on the reed the harmonies of heaven. But music, by the ready medium, the stimulus and the upbearing elasticity it offers for the inspirations of thought, alone seems to present a living form rather than a dead monument to the desires of Genius.

The feeling naturally given by an expression so facile of the identity and universality of all thought, every thought, is beautifully expressed in this anecdote of Haydn.

When about to compose a symphony he was in the habit of animating his genius by imagining some little romance. An interesting account of one of these is given in Bombet's life of Haydn, p. 75.

"But when his object was not to express any particular affection, or to paint any particular images, all subjects were alike to him. '*The whole art consists,*' said he, '*in taking up a subject and pursuing it.*' Often when a friend entered as he was about to compose a piece, he would say with a smile, 'Give me a subject,' — 'Give a subject to Haydn! who would have the courage to do so?' 'Come, never mind,' he would say, 'give me anything you can think of,' and you were obliged to obey."

"Many of his astonishing quartettes exhibit marks of this (piece of dexterity, the French Chevalier is pleased to call it.) They commence with the most insignificant idea, but, by degrees, this idea assumes a character; it strengthens, increases, extends itself, and the dwarf becomes a giant before our wondering eyes."

This is one of the high delights received from a musical composition more than from any other work of art, except perhaps the purest effusions of lyric poetry, that you feel at once both the result and the process. The musician enjoys the great advantage of being able to excite himself to compose by his instrument. This gives him a great advantage above those who are obliged to execute their designs by implements less responsive and exciting. Bach did not consider his pupils as at all advanced, till they could compose from the pure mental harmony, without the outward excitement of the instrument; but, though in the hours of inspiration the work grows of itself, yet the instrument must be of the greatest use to multiply and prolong these hours. We find that all these great composers were continually at the piano. Haydn seated himself there the first thing in the morning, and Beethoven, when so completely deaf, that he could neither tune his violin and piano, nor hear the horrible discords he made upon them, stimulated himself continually by the manual utter-

ance to evolution of the divine harmonies which were lost forever to his bodily ear.

It is mentioned by Bombet, as another advantage which the musician possesses over other artists, that —

“His productions are finished as soon as imagined. Thus Haydn, who abounded in such beautiful ideas, incessantly enjoyed the pleasure of creation. The poet shares this advantage with the composer; but the musician can work faster. A beautiful ode, a beautiful symphony, need only be imagined, to cause, in the mind of the author, that secret admiration, which is the life and soul of artists. But in the studies of the military man, of the architect, the sculptor, the painter, there is not invention enough for them to be fully satisfied with themselves; further labors are necessary. The best planned enterprise may fail in the execution; the best conceived picture may be ill painted; all this leaves in the mind of the inventor an obscurity, a feeling of uncertainty, which renders the pleasure of creation less complete. Haydn, on the contrary, in imagining a symphony, was perfectly happy; there only remained the physical pleasure of hearing it performed, and the moral pleasure of seeing it applauded.”

Plausible as this comparison appears at first; the moment you look at an artist like Michel Angelo, who, by deep studies and intensity of survey, had attained such vigor of conception and surety of hand, that forms sprang forth under his touch as fresh, as original, and as powerful, as on the first days when there was light upon the earth, so that he could not turn his pencil this way or that, but these forms came upon the paper as easily as plants from the soil where the fit seed falls, — at Raphael, who seemed to develop at once in his mind the germ of all possible images, so that shapes flowed from his hand plentiful and facile as drops of water from the open sluice, we see that the presence of the highest genius makes all mediums alike transparent, and that the advantages of one over the other respect only the more or less rapid growth of the artist, and the more or less lively effect on the mind of the beholder. All high art says but one thing; but this is said with more or less pleasure by the artist, felt with more or less pleasure by the beholder, according to the flexibility and fulness of the language.

As Bombet's lives of Haydn and Mozart are accessible

here through an American edition, I shall not speak of these masters with as much particularity as of the three other artists. Bombet's book, though superficial, and in its attempts at criticism totally wanting in that precision which can only be given by a philosophical view of the subject, is lively, informed by a true love for beauty, and free from exaggeration as to the traits of life which we most care for. The life of Haydn is the better of the two, for the calm and equable character of this great man made not much demand on insight. It displays throughout the natural decorum and freedom from servile and conventional restraints, the mingling of dignity and tenderness, the singleness of aim, and childlike simplicity in action proper to the artist life. It flowed a gentle, bounteous river, broadening ever beneath the smiles of a "calm pouring sun." A manly uniformity makes his life intelligible alike to the genius and the citizen. Set the picture in its proper frame, and we think of him with great pleasure, sitting down nicely dressed, with the diamond on his finger given him by the King of Prussia, to compose the Creation, or the Seven Words. His life was never little, never vehement, and an early calm hallowed the gush of his thoughts. We have no regret, no cavil, little thought for this life of Haydn. It is simply the fitting vestibule to the temple of his works.

The healthy energy of his nature is well characterized by what is said of his "obstinate joy."

"The magic of his style seems to me to consist in a predominating character of liberty and joy. This joy of Haydn is a perfectly natural, pure, and continual exaltation; it reigns in the *allegros*, it is perceptible even in the grave parts, and pervades the *andantes* in a sensible degree.

"In these compositions where it is evident from the rhythm, the tone, and the general character, that the author intends to inspire melancholy, this obstinate joy, being unable to show itself openly, is transformed into energy and strength. Observe, this sombre gravity is not pain; it is joy constrained to disguise itself which might be called the concentrated joy of a savage; but never sadness, dejection, or melancholy. Haydn has never been really melancholy more than two or three times; in a verse of his *Stabat Mater*, and in two of the *adagios* of the *Seven Words*.

"This is the reason why he has never excelled in dramatic

music. Without melancholy, there can be no impassioned music."

All the traits of Haydn's course, his voluntary servitude to Porpora, his gratitude shown at so dear a rate to his Mæcenas, the wig-maker, his easy accommodation to the whims of the Esterhazies, and his wise views of the advantage derived to his talent from being forced to compose nightly a fresh piece for the baryton of Prince Nicholas, the economy of his time, and content with limited means, each and all show the man moderate because so rich, modest because so clear-sighted, robust, ample, nobly earnest, rather than fiery and aspiring. It is a great character, one that does not rouse us to ardent admiration, but always commands, never disappoints. Bombet compares him in his works to Ariosto, and the whole structure of his character reminds us of the "Ariosto of the North," Walter Scott. Both are examples of that steady and harmonious action of the faculties all through life, so generally supposed inconsistent with gifts like theirs; both exhibit a soil fertile from the bounties of its native forests, and unaided by volcanic action.

The following passage is (to say nothing of its humor) very significant on the topic so often in controversy, as to whether the descriptive powers of music are of the objective or subjective character.

Of an opera, composed by Haydn to Curtz's order, at the age of nineteen —

"Haydn often says, that he had more trouble in finding out a mode of representing the waves in a tempest in this opera, than he afterwards had in writing fugues with a double subject. Curtz, who had spirit and taste, was difficult to please; but there was also another obstacle. Neither of the two authors had ever seen either sea or storm. How can a man describe what he knows nothing about? If this happy art could be discovered, many of our great politicians would talk better about virtue. Curtz, all agitation, paced up and down the room, where the composer was seated at the piano forte. 'Imagine,' said he, 'a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking; and then another mountain and then another valley; the mountains and the valleys follow one after another, with rapidity, and at every moment, alps and abysses succeed each other.'

"This fine description was of no avail. In vain did harle-

quin add the thunder and lightning. 'Come describe for me all these horrors,' he repeated incessantly, 'but particularly represent distinctly these mountains and valleys.'

"Haydn drew his fingers rapidly over the key board, ran through the semitones, tried abundance of *sevenths*, passed from the lowest notes of the bass to the highest of the treble. Curtz was still dissatisfied. At last, the young man, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two ends of the harpsichord, and, bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed 'The devil take the tempest.' 'That's it, that's it,' cried the harlequin, springing upon his neck and nearly stifling him. Haydn added, that when he crossed the Straits of Dover, in bad weather, many years afterwards, he laughed during the whole of the passage in thinking of the storm in *The Devil on two Sticks*.

"'But how,' said I to him, 'is it possible, by sounds, to describe a tempest, and that *distinctly* too? As this great man is indulgence itself, I added, that, by imitating the peculiar tones of a man in terror or despair, *an author of genius may communicate to an auditor the sensations which the sight of a storm would cause*; but,' said I, 'music can no more represent a tempest, than say 'Mr. Haydn lives near the barrier of Schonbrann.' 'You may be right,' replied he, 'but recollect, nevertheless, that words and especially scenery guide the imagination of the spectator.'"

Let it be an encouragement to the timidity of youthful genius to see that an eaglet like Haydn has ever groped and flown so sidewise from the aim.

In later days, though he had the usual incapacity of spontaneous genius, as to giving a reason for the faith that was in him, he had also its perfect self-reliance. He, too, would have said, when told that the free expression of a thought was contrary to rule, that he would make it a rule then, and had no reason to give why he put a phrase or note here, and thus, except "It was best so. It had the best effect so." The following anecdote exhibits in a spirited manner the contrast between the free genius and the pedant critic.

"Before Haydn had lost his interest in conversation, he related with pleasure many anecdotes respecting his residence in London. A nobleman passionately fond of music, according to his own account, came to him one morning, and asked him to give him some lessons in counterpoint, at a guinea a lesson. Haydn, seeing that he had some knowledge of music,

accepted his proposal. 'When shall we begin?' 'Immediately, if you please,' replied the nobleman; and he took out of his pocket a quartett of Haydn's. 'For the first lesson continued he, 'let us examine this quartett, and tell me the reason of certain modulations, and of the general management of the composition, which I cannot altogether approve, since it is contrary to the rules.'

'Haydn, a little surprised, said, that he was ready to answer his questions. The nobleman began, and, from the very first bar, found something to remark upon every note. Haydn, with whom invention was a habit, and who was the opposite of a pedant, found himself a good deal embarrassed, and replied continually, 'I did so because it has a good effect; I have placed this passage here, because I think it suitable.' The Englishman, in whose opinion these replies were nothing to the purpose, still returned to his proofs, and demonstrated very clearly, that his quartett was good for nothing. 'But, my Lord, arrange this quartett in your own way; hear it played, and you will then see which of the two is best.' 'How can yours, which is contrary to the rules, be the best?' 'Because it is the most agreeable.' My Lord still returned to the subject. Haydn replied as well as he was able; but, at last, out of patience, 'I see, my Lord,' said he, 'that it is you who are so good as to give lessons to me, and I am obliged to confess, that I do not merit the honor of having such a master.' The advocate of the rules went away, and cannot to this day understand how an author, who adheres to them, should fail of producing a *Matrimonio Segreto*."

I must, in this connexion, introduce a passage from the life of Handel. "The highest effort of genius here (in music) consists in direct violations of rule. The very first answer of the fugue in the overture to Mucius Scævola affords an instance of this kind. Geminiani, the strictest observer of rule, was so charmed with this direct transgression of it, that, on hearing its effect, he cried out *Quel semitono* (meaning the f sharp) *vale un mondo*. That semitone is worth a world."

I should exceedingly like to quote the passage on Haydn's quartetts, and the comparison between the effect produced by one of his and one of Beethoven's. But room always fails us in this little magazine. I cannot however omit a passage, which gave me singular pleasure, referring to Haydn's opinion of the importance of the air. For the air is the *thought* of the piece, and ought never

to be disparaged from a sense of the full flow of concord.

"Who would think it? This great man, under whose authority our miserable pedants of musicians, without genius, would fain shelter themselves, repeated incessantly; 'Let your *air* be good, and your composition, whatever it be, will be so likewise, and will assuredly please.'

"'It is the soul of music,' continued he, 'it is the life, the spirit, the essence of a composition. Without this, Tartini may find out the most singular and learned chords, but nothing is heard but a labored sound; which, though it may not offend the ear, leaves the head empty and the heart cold.'"

The following passage illustrates happily the principle.

"Art is called *Art*, because it is not Nature."

"In music the best physical imitation is, perhaps, that which only just indicates its object; which shows it to us through a veil, and abstains from scrupulously representing nature exactly as she is. This kind of imitation is the perfection of the descriptive department. You are aware, my friend, that all the arts are founded to a certain degree on what is not true; an obscure doctrine, notwithstanding its apparent clearness, but from which the most important principles are derived. It is thus that from a dark grotto springs the river, which is to water vast provinces. You have more pleasure in seeing a beautiful picture of the garden of the Tuilleries, than in beholding the same garden, faithfully reflected from one of the mirrors of the chateau; yet the scene displayed in the mirror has far more variety of coloring than the painting, were it the work of Claude Lorraine; the figures have motion; everything is more true to nature; still you cannot help preferring the picture. A skilful artist never departs from that degree of falsity which is allowed in the art he professes. He is well aware, that it is not by imitating nature to such a degree as to produce deception, that the arts give pleasure; he makes a distinction between those accurate daubs, called eye-traps, and the St. Cecilia of Raphael. Imitation should produce the effect which the object imitated would have upon us, did it strike us in those fortunate moments of sensibility and enjoyment, which awaken the passions."

The fault of this passage consists in the inaccurate use of the words *true* and *false*. Bombet feels distinctly that truth to the ideal is and must be above truth to the actual; it is only because he feels this, that he enjoys the music

of Haydn at all ; and yet from habits of conformity and complaisance he well nigh mars his thought by use of the phraseology of unthinking men, who apprehend no truth beyond that of facts apparent to the senses.

Let us pass to the life of Handel. We can but glance at these great souls, each rich enough in radiating power to be the centre of a world ; and can only hope to indicate, not declare, their different orbits and relations. Haydn and Mozart both looked to Handel with a religious veneration. Haydn was only unfolded to his greatest efforts after hearing, in his latest years, Handel's great compositions in England.

"One day at Prince Schwartzberg's, when Handel's Messiah was performed, upon expressing my admiration of one of the sublime choruses of that work, Haydn said to me thoughtfully, *This man is the father of us all.*

"I am convinced, that, if he had not studied Handel, he would never have written the *Creation* ; his genius was fired by that of this master. It was remarked by every one here, that after his return from London, there was more grandeur in his ideas ; in short, he approached, as far as is permitted to human genius, the unattainable object of his songs. Handel is simple ; his accompaniments are written in three parts only ; but, to use a Neapolitan phrase of Gluck's, *There is not a note that does not draw blood.*" — Bombet, p. 180.

"Mozart most esteemed Porpora, Durante, Leo, and Alessandro Scarlatti, but he placed Handel above them all. He knew the principal works of that great master by heart. He was accustomed to say, Handel knows best of all of us what is capable of producing a great effect. When he chooses, he strikes like the thunderbolt." — Ibid. p. 291.

Both these expressions, that of Gluck and that of Mozart, happily characterize Handel in the vigor and grasp of his genius, as Haydn, in the amplitude and sunny majesty of his career, is well compared to the gazing, soaring eagle.

I must insert other beautiful tributes to the genius of Handel.

After the quarrel between Handel and many of the English nobles, which led to their setting up an opera in opposition to his, they sent to engage Hasse and Porpora, as their composers. When Hasse was invited over, the

first question he asked was, whether Handel was dead. Being answered in the negative, he long refused to come, thinking it impossible that a nation, which might claim the benefit of Handel's genius could ask aid from any other.

When Handel was in Italy, Scarlatti saw him first at the carnival, playing on the harpsichord, in his mask. Scarlatti immediately affirmed it could be none but the famous Saxon or the devil.

Scarlatti, pursuing the acquaintance, tried Handel's powers in every way.

"When they came to the organ, not a doubt remained as to which the preference belonged. Scarlatti himself declared the superiority of his antagonist, and owned that until he had heard him upon this instrument, he had no conception of his powers. So greatly was he struck with his peculiar way of playing, that he followed him all over Italy, and was never so happy as when he was with him. And ever afterwards, Scarlatti, as often as he was admired for his own great execution, would mention Handel, and cross himself in token of veneration." — *Life of Handel.*

These noble rivalries, this tender enthusiastic conviction of the superiority of another, this religious

"joy to feel
A foeman worthy of our steel,"

one instance of which delights us more than all the lonely achievements of intellect, as showing the two fold aspect of the soul, and linking every nature, generous enough for sympathy, in the golden chain, which upholds the earth and the heavens, are found everywhere in the history of high genius. Only the little men of mere talent deserve a place at Le Sage's supper of the authors. Genius cannot be forever on the wing; it craves a home, a holy land; it carries reliquaries in the bosom; it craves cordial draughts from the goblets of other pilgrims. It is always pious, always chivalric; the artist, like the preux, throws down his shield to embrace the antagonist, who has been able to pierce it; and the greater the genius the more do we glow with delight at his power of feeling, — need of feeling reverence not only for the creative soul, but for its manifestation through fellow men. What melody of

Beethoven's is more melodious, than his letter of regal devotion to Cherubini, or the transport with which he calls out on first hearing the compositions of Schubert ; "Wahrlich in dem Schubert wohnt ein göttlicher Funke." Truly in Schubert dwells a divine fire.*

But to return to Handel. The only biography of him I have seen is a little volume from the library of the University at Cambridge, as brief, and, in the opinion of the friend who brought it to me, as dry and scanty as possible. I did not find it so. It is written with the greatest simplicity, in the style of the days of Addison and Steele ; and its limited technology contrasts strongly with the brilliancy of statement and infinite "*nuances*" of the present style of writing on such subjects. But the writer is free from exaggeration, without being timid or cold ; and he brings to his work the requisites of a true feeling of the genius of Handel, and sympathy with his personal character. This lies, indeed, so deep, that it never occurs to him to give it distinct expression ; it is only implied in his selection, as judicious as simple, of anecdotes to illustrate it.

For myself, I like a dry book, such as is written by men who give themselves somewhat tamely to the task in hand. I like to read a book written by one who had no higher object than mere curiosity, or affectionate sympathy, and never draws an inference. Then I am sure of the facts more nakedly true, than when the writer has any theory of his own, and have the excitement all the way of putting them into new relations. The present is the gentle, faithful narrative of a private friend. He does not give his name, nor pretend to anything more than a slight essay towards giving an account of so great a phenomenon as Handel.

The vigor, the ready decision, and independence of Handel's character are displayed in almost every trait of his youthful years. At seven years old he appears as if really inspired by a guardian genius. His father was going

* As Schubert's music begins to be known among ourselves, it may be interesting to record the names of those songs which so affected Beethoven. They are Ossian's Gesänge, Die Burgschaft, Die junge Nonne, and Die Grenze der Menschheit.

to Weissenfels, to visit an elder son, established at court there. He refused to take the little Handel, thinking it would be too much trouble. The boy, finding tears and entreaties of no avail, stole out and followed the carriage on foot. When his father perceived him persist in this, he could resist no longer, but took him into the carriage and carried him to Weissenfels. There the Duke, hearing him play by accident in the chapel, and finding it was but a little child, who had been obliged too to cultivate his talent by stealth, in opposition to the wishes of his father, interfered, and removed all obstruction from the course of his destiny.

Like all the great musicians he was precocious. This necessarily results from the more than usually delicate organization they must possess, though, fortunately for the art, none but Mozart has burnt so early with that resplendence that prematurely exhausted his lamp of life. At nine years of age Handel composed in rule, and played admirably on more than one instrument. At fifteen he insisted on playing the first harpsichord at the Hamburg opera house, and again his guardian genius interfered in a manner equally picturesque and peculiar.

"The elder candidate was not unfit for the office, and insisted on the right of succession. Handel seemed to have no plea, but that of natural superiority, of which he was conscious, and from which he would not recede."

Parties ran high; the one side unwilling that a boy should arrogate a place above a much older man, one who had a prior right to the place, the other maintaining that the opera-house could not afford to lose so great a composer as Handel gave promise of becoming, for a punctilio of this kind. Handel at last obtained the place.

"Determined to make Handel pay dear for his priority, his rival stifled his rage for the present, only to wait an opportunity of giving it full vent. One day, as they were coming out of the orchestra, he made a push at Handel with a sword, which being aimed full at his heart, would forever have removed him from the office he had usurped, but for the friendly score which he accidentally carried in his bosom, and through which to have forced the weapon would have demanded the might of Ajax himself. Had this happened in the early ages, not a

mortal but would have been persuaded that Apollo himself had interfered to preserve him, in the shape of a music-book."

The same guardian demon presided always over his outward fortunes. His life, like that of Haydn, was one of prosperity. The only serious check he ever experienced (at a very late day in England) was only so great as to stimulate his genius to manifest itself by a still higher order of efforts, than before (his oratorios.) And these were not only worthy of his highest aspirations, but successful with the public of his own day.

It is by no means the case in the arts, that genius must not expect sympathy from its contemporaries. Its history shows it in many instances, answering as much as prophesying. And Haydn, Handel, and Mozart seemed to culminate to a star-gazing generation.

While yet in his teens, Handel met the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who was very desirous to send him to Italy, at his own expense, that he might study the Italian music in its native land. "But he refused to accept the Duke's offer, though determined to go as soon as he could make up a privy purse for the purpose. And this noble independency he preserved through life," and we may add the twin sister, liberality, for we find scattered through his life numerous instances of a wise and princely beneficence.

When he at last went to Italy, he staid six years, a period of inestimable benefit to his growth. I pause with delight at this rare instance of a mind obtaining the food it craves, just at the time it craves it. The *too early* and *too late*, which prevent so many "trees from growing up into the heavens," withered no hour of Handel's life. True, the compensating principle showed itself in his regard, for he had neither patience nor fortitude, which the usual training might have given. But it seems as if what the man lost, the genius gained, and we cannot be displeased at the exception which proves the rule.

The Italians received him with that affectionate enthusiasm, which they show as much towards foreign as native talent. The magnanimous delight, with which they greeted West, and, as it is said, now greet our countryman Powers, which not many years since made their halls resound with the cry, "there is no tenor like Braham," was heard in

shouts of, "Viva il caro Sassone!" at every new composition given by Handel on their stage. The people followed him with rapture; the nobles had musical festivals prepared in his honor; Scarlatti's beautiful homage has been mentioned above; and the celebrated Corelli displayed the same modest and noble deference to his instructions. He, too, addressed him as "*Caro Sassone*."

A charming anecdote of Corelli is not irrelevant here.

"A little incident relating to Corelli shows his character so strongly, that I shall be excused for reciting it, though foreign to our present purpose. He was requested one evening to play, to a large and polite company, a fine Solo which he had lately composed. Just as he was in the midst of his performance, some of the number began to discourse together a little unseasonably; Corelli gently lays down his instrument. Being asked whether anything was the matter with him; nothing, he replied, he was only afraid that he interrupted the conversation. The elegant propriety of this silent censure, joined with his genteel and good-humored answer, afforded great pleasure, even to the persons who occasioned it. They begged him to resume his instrument, assuring him at the same time, that he might depend on all the attention which the occasion required, and which his merit ought before to have commanded." — *Life of Handel*.

His six years' residence in Italy educated Handel's genius into a certainty, vigor, and command of resources that made his after career one track of light. The forty years of after life are one continued triumph, a showering down of life and joy on an expectant world.

Although Germany offered every encouragement both from people and princes, England suited him best, and became the birth-place of his greatest works. For nine years after he began to conduct the opera-house his success with the public and happiness in his creative life appears to have been perfect. Then he came for brief space amid the breakers. It is, indeed, rather wonderful that he kept peace so long with those most refractory subjects, the singers, than that it should fail at last. Fail at last it did! Handel was peremptory in his requisitions, the singing birds obstinate in their disobedience; the public divided, and the majority against Handel. The following little recital of one of his many difficulties, with

his prima-donnas, exhibits his character with amusing fidelity.

"Having one day some words with Cuzzoni on her refusing to sing *Cara Immagine* in *Ottone*. 'Oh Madame,' said he, 'je sais bien que vous êtes une veritable Diable, mais je vous ferai sçavoir, moi, que je suis Beelzebub le *Chef des Diables*.' With this he took her up by the waist, swearing that, if she made any more words, he would fling her out of the window. It is to be noted, (adds the biographer with Counsellor Pleydel-like facetiousness,) that this was formerly one of the methods of executing criminals in Germany, a process not unlike that of the Tarpeian rock, and probably derived from it." — *Life of Handel*.

Senesino, too, was one of Handel's malcontent aids, the same of whom the famous anecdote is told, thus given in the *Life of Haydn*.

"Senesino was to perform on a London theatre the character of a tyrant, in I know not what opera; the celebrated Farinelli sustained that of an oppressed prince. Farinelli, who had been giving concerts in the country, arrived only a few hours before the representation, and the unfortunate hero and the cruel tyrant saw one another for the first time on the stage. When Farinelli came to his first air, in which he supplicates for mercy, he sung it with such sweetness and expression, that the poor tyrant, totally forgetting himself, threw himself upon his neck and repeatedly embraced him."

The refined sensibility and power of free abandonment to the life of the moment, displayed in this anecdote, had made Senesino the darling, the spoiled child of the public, so that they were ungrateful to their great father, Handel. But he could not bow to the breeze. He began life anew at the risk of the wealth he had already acquired, and these difficulties only urged him to new efforts. The Oratorio dawned upon his stimulated mind, and we may, perhaps, thank the humors of Senesino and Faustina for the existence of the Messiah.

The oratorios were not brought forward without opposition. That part of the public, which, in all ages, walks in clogs on the greensward, and prefers a candle to the sun, which accused Socrates of impiety, denounced the Tartuffe of Moliere as irreligious, which furnishes largely the Oxford press in England, and rings its little alarm bell

among ourselves at every profound and universal statement of religious experience, was exceedingly distressed, that Handel should profane the details of Biblical history by wedding them to his God-given harmonies. Religion, they cried, was lost; she must be degraded, familiarized; she would no longer speak with authority after she had been sung. But, happily, owls hoot in vain in the ear of him whose soul is possessed by the Muse, and Handel, like all the great, could not even understand the meaning of these petty cavils. Genius is fearless; she never fancies herself wiser than God, as Prudence does. She is faithful, for she has been trusted, and feels the presence of God in herself too clearly to doubt his government of the world.

Handel's great exertions at this period brought on an attack of paralysis, which he cured by a course that shows his untamed, powerful nature, and illustrates in a homely way the saying, Fortune favors the brave.

Like Tasso, and other such fervid and sanguine persons, if he could at last be persuaded to use a remedy for any sickness, he always overdid the matter. As for this palsied arm, —

"It was thought best for him to have recourse to the vapor baths at Aix-la-Chapelle, over which he sat three times as long as hath ever been the practice. Whoever knows anything of the nature of these baths, will, from this instance, form some idea of his surprising constitution. His sweats were profuse beyond what can well be imagined. His cure, from the manner as well as from the quickness with which it was wrought, passed with the nuns for a miracle. When, but a few hours from the time of his leaving the bath, they heard him at the organ in the principal church, as well as convent, playing in a manner so much beyond what they had ever heard or even imagined, it is not wonderful, that they should suppose the interposition of a higher power."

He remained, however, some weeks longer at the baths to confirm the cure, thus suddenly effected by means that would have destroyed a frame of less strength and energy. The more cruel ill of blindness fell upon his latest years, but he had already run an Olympian course, and could sit still with the palm and oak crowns upon his brows.

Handel is a Greek in the fulness and summer glow of

his nature, in his directness of action and unrepentant steadfastness. I think even with a pleasure, in which I can hardly expect sympathy, since even his simple biographer shrinks from it with the air of "a Person of Quality," on the fact that he was fond of good eating, and also ate a great deal. As he was neither epicure nor gourmand, I not only accept the excuse of the biographer, that a person of his choleric nature, vast industry, and energy, needed a great deal of sustenance; but it seems to me perfectly in character for one of his large heroic mould. I am aware that these are total abstinence days, especially in the regions of art and romance; but the Greeks were wiser and more beautiful, if less delicate than we; and I am strongly reminded by all that is said of Handel, of a picture painted in their golden age. The subject was Hercules at the court of Admetus; in the back ground handmaids are mourning round the corpse of the devoted Alceste, while in the foreground the son of Jove is satisfying what seems to his attendants an interminable hunger. They are heaping baskets, filling cans, toiling up the stairs with huge joints of meat; the hero snaps his fingers, impatient for the new course, though many an empty trencher bears traces of what he has already devoured. For why; a journey to Tartarus and conquest of gloomy Dis would hardly, in the natural state of society, be undertaken on a biscuit and a glass of lemonade. And when England was yet fresh from her grand revolution, and John Bull still cordially enjoyed his yule logs and Christmas feasts, "glorious John Dryden" was not ashamed to write thus of the heroes, —

"And when the rage of hunger was appeased."

Then a man was not ashamed of being not only a man in mind, but every inch a man. And Handel surely did not neglect to labor after he had feasted. Beautiful are the upward tending, slender stemmed plants! Not less beautiful and longer lived, those of stronger root, more powerful trunk, more spreading branches! Let each be true to his law; concord, not monotony, is music. We thank thee, Nature, for Handel, we thank thee for Mozart! — Yet one story from the Life of Handel ere we pass on. It must interest all who have observed the same phenomenon of a person exquisitely alive to the music of verse, stupified and bewildered by other music.

"Pope often met Handel at the Earl of Burlington's. One day after Handel had played some of the finest things he ever composed, Mr. Pope declared that they gave him no sort of pleasure; that his ears were of that untoward make, and reprobate cast, as to receive his music, which he was persuaded was the best that could be, with as much indifference as the airs of a common ballad. A person of his excellent understanding, it is hard to suspect of affectation. And yet it is as hard to conceive how an ear, so perfectly attentive to all the delicacies of rhythm and poetical numbers, should be totally insensible to the charm of musical sounds. An attentiveness, too, which was as discernible in his manner of reading, as it is in his method of writing." — *Life of Handel*.

The principal facts of that apparition which bore the name of Mozart, are well known. His precocious development was far more precocious than that of any other artist on record. (And here let us observe another correspondence between music and mathematics, that is, the early prodigies in childish form, which seem to say that neither the art nor the science requires the slow care of the gardener, Experience, but are plants indigenous to the soil, which need only air and light to lure them up to majestic stature.) Connected with this is his exquisite delicacy of organization, unparalleled save in the history of the fairy Fine Ear, so that at six years old he perceived a change of half a quarter of a note in the tuning of a violin, and fainted always at sound of the trumpet. The wonderful exploits which this accurate perception of and memory for sounds enabled him to perform, are known to every one, but I could read the story a hundred times yet, so great is its childish beauty. Again, allied with this are his extreme tenderness and loving nature. In this life (Schlichtegroll's translated by Bombet,) it is mentioned, "He would say ten times a day to those about him, 'Do you love me well?' and whenever in jest they said 'No,' the tears would roll down his cheeks." I remember to have read elsewhere an anecdote of the same engaging character. "One day, when Mozart, (then in his seventh year,) was entering the presence chamber of the empress; he fell and hurt himself. The other young princesses laughed, but Marie Antoinette took him up, and consoled him with many caresses. The little Mozart said to her, "You are

good ; I will marry you." Well for the lovely princess, if common men could have met and understood her lively and genial nature as Genius could, in its childlike need of love.

With this great desire for sympathy in the affections was linked, as by nature it should be, an entire self-reliance in action. Mozart knew nothing but music ; on that the whole life of his soul was shed, but there he was as unerring and undoubting, as fertile and aspiring.

" At six years of age, sitting down to play in presence of the emperor Francis, he addressed himself to his majesty and asked ; ' Is not M. Wagenseil here ? We must send for *him* ; *he* understands the thing.' The emperor sent for Wagenseil, and gave up his place to him by the side of the piano. ' Sir,' said Mozart, to the composer, ' I am going to play one of your concertos ; you must turn over the leaves for me.' The emperor said, in jest, to the little Wolfgang ; ' It is not very difficult to play with all one's fingers, but to play with only one, without seeing the keys, would indeed be extraordinary.' Without manifesting the least surprise at this strange proposal, the child immediately began to play with a single finger, and with the greatest possible precision and clearness. He afterwards desired them to cover the keys of the piano, and continued to play in the same manner, as if he had long practised it.

From his most tender age, Mozart, animated with the true feeling of his art, was never vain of the compliments paid him by the great. He only performed insignificant trifles when he had to do with people unacquainted with music. He played, on the contrary, with all the fire and attention of which he was capable, when in the presence of connoisseurs ; and his father was often obliged to have recourse to artifice, in order to make the great men, before whom he was to exhibit, pass for such with him."

Here, in childlike soft unconsciousness, Mozart acts the same part that Beethoven did, with cold imperial sarcasm, when the Allied Sovereigns were presented to him at Vienna. " I held myself ' *vornehm*,' " said Beethoven, that is, treated them with dignified affability ; and his smile is one of saturnine hauteur, as he says it ; for the nature, so deeply glowing towards man, was coldly disdainful to those who would be more than men, merely by the aid of money and trappings. Mozart's attitude is the lovelier and more

simple ; but Beethoven's lion tread and shake of the mane are grand too.

The following anecdote shows, that Mozart (rare praise is this) was not less dignified and clear-sighted as a man than in his early childhood.

"The Italians at the court of the Emperor, Joseph the Second, spoke of Mozart's first essays (when he was appointed chapel-master) with more jealousy than fairness, and the emperor, who scarcely ever judged for himself, was easily carried away by their decisions. One day after hearing the rehearsal of a comic opera, which he had himself demanded of Mozart, he said to the composer, 'My dear Mozart, that is too fine for my ears ; there are too many notes there.' 'I ask your majesty's pardon,' replied Mozart dryly ; 'there are just as many notes as there should be.' The emperor said nothing, and appeared rather embarrassed by the reply ; but when the opera was performed, he bestowed on it the greatest encomiums."

This anecdote certainly shows Joseph the Second to be not a mean man, if neither a sage nor a connoisseur.

Read in connexion with the foregoing, the traits recorded of the artist during his wife's illness, (*Life of Mozart*, p. 309,) and you have a sketch of a most beautiful character

Combined with this melting sweetness, and extreme delicacy, was a prophetic energy of deep-seated fire in his genius. He inspires while he overwhelms you. The vigor, the tenderness, and far-reaching ken of his conceptions were seconded by a range, a readiness, and flexibility in his talents for expression, which can only be told by the hackneyed comparison between him and Raphael. A life of such unceasing flow and pathetic earnestness must at any rate have early exhausted the bodily energies. But the high-strung nerves of Mozart made him excessive alike in his fondness for pleasure, and in the melancholy which was its reaction. His life was too eager and keen to last. The gift of presentiment, as much developed in his private history as in his works, offers a most interesting study to the philosophic observer, but one of too wide a scope for any discussion here.

I shall not speak of Mozart as a whole man, for he was not so ; but rather the exquisite organ of a divine inspiration. He scarcely took root on the soil ; not knowing

common purposes, cares, or discretions, his life was all crowded with creative efforts, and vehement pleasures, or tender feelings between. His private character was that of a child, as ever he loved to be stimulated to compose by having fairy tales told to him by the voice of affection. And when we consider how any art tends to usurp the whole of a man's existence, and music most of all to unfit for other modes of life, both from its stimulus to the senses and exaltation of the soul, we have rather reason to wonder that the other four great ones lived severe and manlike lives, than that this remained a voluptuary and a fair child. The virtues of a child he had, — sincerity, tenderness, generosity, and reverence. In the generosity with which he gave away the precious works of his genius, and the princely sweetness with which he conferred these favors, we are again reminded of Raphael. There are equally fine anecdotes of Haydn's value for him, and his for Haydn. Haydn answered the critics of "Don Giovanni," "I am not a judge of the dispute; all that I know is, that Mozart is the greatest composer now existing." Mozart answered the critic on Haydn, "Sir, if you and I were both melted down together, we should not furnish materials for one Haydn."

Richard Coeur de Lion and Saladin !

We never hear the music of Mozart to advantage, yet no one can be a stranger to the character of his melodies. The idea charms me of a symbolical correspondence, not only between the soul of man and the productions of nature, but of a like harmony, pervading every invention of his own. It seems he has not only "builted better than he knew," when following out the impulse of his genius, but in every mechanical invention, so that all the furniture of man's life is necessarily but an aftergrowth of nature. It seems clear that not only every hue, every gem, every flower, every tree, has its correspondent species in the race of man, but the same may be said of instruments, as obviously of the telescope, microscope, compass. It is clearly the case with the musical instruments. As a child I at once thought of Mozart as the Flute, and to this day, cannot think of one without the other. Nothing ever occurred to confirm this fancy, till a year or two since, in the book now before me, I found with delight the following passage.

"The most remarkable circumstance in his music, independently of the genius displayed in it, is the novel way in which he employs the orchestra, especially the wind instruments. He draws surprising effect, from *the flute*, an instrument of which Cimarosa hardly ever made any use."

Ere bidding adieu to Mozart, to whom I have only turned your eyes, as the fowler directs those of the bystanders to the bird glancing through the heavens, which he had not skill to bring down, and consoles himself with thinking the fair bird shows truer, if farther, on the wing, I will insert three sonnets, so far interesting as showing the degree of truth with which these objects appear to one, who has enjoyed few opportunities of hearing the great masters, and is only fitted to receive them by a sincere love of music, which caused a rejection of the counterfeits that have been current among us. They date some years back, and want that distinctness of expression, so attainable to-day; but, if unaided by acquaintance with criticism on these subjects, have therefore the merit of being a pure New England growth, and deserve recording like Sigismund Biederman's comparison of Queen Margaret to his favorite of the Swiss pasture. "The queen is a stately creature. The chief cow of the herd, who carries the bouquets and garlands to the chalet, has not a statelier pace." — *Anne of Guerstein*.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

THE charms of melody, in simple airs,
By human voices sung, are always felt;
With thoughts responsive, careless hearers melt,
Of secret ills, which our frail nature bears.
We listen, weep, forget. But when the throng
Of a great Master's thoughts, above the reach
Of words or colors, wire and wood can teach
By laws which to the spirit-world belong, —
When several parts, to tell one mood combined,
Flash meaning on us we can ne'er express,
Giving to matter subtlest powers of Mind,
Superior joys attentive souls confess.
The Harmony which suns and stars obey,
Blesses our earth-bound state with visions
of supernal day. —

BEETHOVEN.

Most intellectual master of the art,
Which, best of all, teaches the mind of man
The universe in all its varied plan,—
What strangely mingled thoughts thy strains impart!
Here the faint tenor thrills the inmost heart,
There the rich bass the Reason's balance shows;
Here breathes the softest sigh that Love e'er knows;
There sudden fancies, seeming without chart,
Float into wildest breezy interludes;
The past is all forgot,— hopes sweetly breathe,
And our whole being glows,— when lo! beneath
The flowery brink, Despair's deep sob concludes!
Startled, we strive to free us from the chain,—
Notes of high triumph swell, and we are thine again!

MOZART.

If to the intellect and passions strong
Beethoven speak, with such resistless power,
Making us share the full creative hour,
When his wand fixed wild Fancy's mystic throng,
Oh nature's finest lyre! to thee belong
The deepest, softest tones of tenderness,
Whose purity the listening angels bless,
With silvery clearness of seraphic song.
Sad are those chords, oh heavenward striving soul!
A love, which never found its home on earth,
Pensively vibrates, even in thy mirth.
And gentle laws thy lightest notes control;
Yet dear that sadness! Spheral concords felt
Purify most those hearts which most they melt.

We have spoken of the widely varying, commanding, yet bright and equable life of Haydn; of the victorious procession, and regal Alexandrine aspect of Handel; of the tender, beloved, overflowing, all too intense life of Mozart. They are all great and beautiful; look at them from what side you will, the foot stands firm, the mantle falls in wide and noble folds, and the eye flashes divine truths. But now we come to a figure still more Roman, John Sebastian Bach, all whose names we give to distinguish him from a whole family of geniuses, a race through which musical inspiration had been transmitted, without a break, for six generations; nor did it utterly fail, after coming to its full flower in John Sebastian; his sons, though

not equal to their father, were not unworthy their hereditary honors.

The life of Bach which I have before me, (translated from the German of J. N. Forkel, author also of the "Complete History of Music,") is by far the best of any of these records. It is exceedingly brief and simple, very bare of facts, but the wise, quiet enthusiasm of its tone, and the delicate discrimination of the remarks on the genius of Bach, bring us quite home to him and his artist-life. Bach certainly shines too lonely in the sky of his critic, who has lived in and by him, till he cannot see other souls in their due places, but would interrupt all hymns to other deities with "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" But his worship is true to the object, if false to the all, and the pure reverence of his dependence has made him fit to reproduce the genius which has fed his inmost life. All greatness should enfranchise its admirers, first from all other dominions, and then from its own. We cannot but think that Forkel has seen, since writing this book, that he deified Bach too exclusively, but he can never feel the shame of blind or weak obsequiousness. His, if idolatry, was yet in the spirit of true religion.

The following extract from the preface, gives an idea of the spirit in which the whole book is written.

"How do I wish I were able to describe, according to its merit, the sublime genius of this first of all artists, whether German or foreign! After the honor of being so great an artist, so preëminent above all as he was, there is perhaps no greater than that of being able duly to appreciate so entirely perfect an art, and to speak of it with judgment. He who can do the last must have a mind not wholly uncongenial to that of the artist himself, and has therefore, in some measure, the flattering probability in his favor, that he might perhaps have been capable of the first, if similar external relations had led him into the proper career. But I am not so presumptuous as to believe, that I could ever attain to such an honor. I am, on the contrary, thoroughly convinced, that no language in the world is rich enough to express all that might and should be said of the astonishing extent of such a genius. The more intimately we are acquainted with it, the more does our admiration increase. All our eulogiums, praises, and admiration will always be, and remain no more than well-meant prattle. Whoever has had an opportunity of comparing together the

works of art, of several centuries, will not find this declaration exaggerated; he will rather have adopted the opinion, that Bach's works cannot be spoken of, by him who is fully acquainted with them, except with rapture, and some of them even with a kind of sacred awe. We may indeed conceive and explain his management of the internal mechanism of the art; but how he contrived at the same time to inspire into this mechanic art, which he alone has attained in such high perfection, the living spirit which so powerfully attaches us even in his smallest works, will probably be always felt and admired only, but never conceived."

Of the materials for his narrative he says,

"I am indebted to the two eldest sons of J. S. Bach. I was not only personally acquainted with both, but kept up a constant correspondence with them for many years, chiefly with C. Ph. Emanuel. The world knows that they were both great artists; but it perhaps does not know that to the last moment of their lives they never spoke of their father's genius without enthusiasm and admiration. As I had from my early youth felt the same veneration for the genius of their father, it was a frequent theme of discussion with us, both in our conversations and correspondence. This made me by degrees so acquainted with everything relative to J. S. Bach's life, genius, and works, that I may now hope to be able to give to the public not only some detailed, but also useful information on the subject.

"I have no other object whatever than to call the attention of the public to an undertaking, the sole aim of which is to raise a worthy monument to German art, to furnish the true artist with a gallery of the most instructive models, and to open to the friends of musical science an inexhaustible source of the sublimest enjoyment."

The deep, tender repose in the contemplation of genius, the fidelity in the details of observation, indicated in this passage, are the chief requisites of the critic. But he should never say of any object, as Forkel does, it is the greatest that ever was or ever will be, for that is limiting the infinite, and making himself a bigot, gentle and patient perhaps, but still a bigot. All are so who limit the divine within the boundaries of their present knowledge.

The founder of the Bach family (in its musical phrase) was a Thuringian miller. "In his leisure hours he amused himself with his guitar, which he even took with him into

the mill, and played upon it amidst all the noise and clatter." The same love of music, for its own sake, continued in the family for six generations. After enumerating the geniuses who illustrated it before the time of John Sebastian, Forkel says,

"Not only the above-mentioned, but many other able composers of the earlier generations of the family might undoubtedly have obtained much more important musical offices, as well as a more extensive reputation, and a more brilliant fortune, if they had been inclined to leave their native province, and to make themselves known in other countries. But we do not find that any one of them ever felt an inclination for such an emigration. Temperate and frugal by nature and education, they required but little to live; and the intellectual enjoyment, which their art procured them, enabled them not only to be content without the gold chains, which used at that time to be given by great men to esteemed artists, as especial marks of honor, but also without the least envy to see them worn by others, who perhaps without these chains would not have been happy."

Nothing is more pleasing than the account of the jubilee which this family had once a year. As they were a large family, and scattered about in different cities, they met once a year and had this musical festival.

"Their amusements during the time of their meeting were entirely musical. As the company wholly consisted of chanters, organists, and town musicians, who had all to do with the Church, and as it was besides a general custom to begin everything with religion, the first thing they did, when they were assembled, was to sing a hymn in chorus. From this pious commencement they proceeded to drolleries, which often made a very great contrast with it. They sang, for instance, popular songs, the contents of which are partly comic and partly licentious, all together, and extempore, but in such a manner that the several songs thus extemporized made a kind of harmony together, the words, however, in every part being different. They called this kind of extemporary chorus 'a Quodlibet,' and not only laughed heartily at it themselves, but excited an equally hearty and irresistible laughter in every body that heard them. Some persons are inclined to consider these facetiæ as the beginning of comic operettas in Germany; but such quodlibets were usual in Germany at a much earlier period. I possess myself a printed collection of them, which was published at Vienna in 1542."

In perfect harmony with what is intimated of the family, of their wise content, loving art, purely and religiously for its own sake, unallured by ambition or desire for excitement, deep and true, simple and modest in the virtues of domestic life, was the course of the greatest of them, John Sebastian. No man of whom we read has lived more simply the grand, quiet, manly life, "without haste, without rest." Its features are few, its outline large and tranquil. His youth was a steady aspiration to the place nature intended him to fill; as soon as he was in that place, his sphere of full, equable activity, he knew it, and was content. After that he was known by his fruits. As for outward occasions and honors, it was with him as always with the "Happy Warrior," who must

"In himself possess his own desire;
Who *comprehends his trust*, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all."

A pretty story of his childhood shows that he was as earnest in the attainment of excellence, as indifferent to notoriety.

"J. S. Bach was left an orphan at ten years of age, and was obliged to have recourse to an elder brother, John Christopher, who was organist at Ordruff. From him he received the first instructions in playing on the clavichord. But his inclination and talent for music must have been already very great at that time, since the pieces which his brother gave him to learn were so soon in his power, that he began with much eagerness to look out for some that were more difficult. He had observed that his brother had a book, in which were pieces by the most famous composers of the day, such as he wanted, and earnestly begged him to give it him. But it was constantly denied. His desire to possess the book was increased by the refusal, so that he at length sought means to get possession of it secretly. As it was kept in a cupboard, which had only a lattice door, and his hands were still small enough to pass through, so that he could roll up the book, which was merely stitched in paper, and draw it out, he did not long hesitate to make use of these favorable circumstances. But, for want of a candle, he could only copy it in moonlight nights; and it took six whole months

before he could finish his laborious task. At length, when he thought himself safely possessed of the treasure, and intended to make good use of it in secret, his brother found it out, and took from him, without pity, the copy which had cost him so much pains; and he did not recover it till his brother's death, which took place soon after."

Without pity indeed! What a tale is told by these few words of all the child suffered from disappointment of the hopes and plans, which had been growing in his heart all those six months of secret toil; hopes and plans too, so legitimate, on which a true parent or guardian would have smiled such delighted approval! One can scarcely keep down the swelling heart at these instances of tyranny to children, far worse than the knouts and Siberia of the Russian despot, in this, that the domestic tyrant cannot be wholly forgetful of the pain he is inflicting, though he may be too stupid or too selfish to foresee the consequences of these early wrongs, through long years of mental conflict. A nature so strong and kindly as that of Bach could not be crushed in such ways. But with characters of less force the consequences are more cruel. I have known an instance of life-long injury from such an act as this. An elder brother gave a younger a book; then, as soon as the child became deeply interested in reading it, tore out two or three leaves. Years after the blood boiled, and the eyes wept bitter tears of distrust in human sympathy, at remembrance of this little act of wanton wrong. And the conduct of Bach's brother is more coldly cruel.

The facts of his life are simple. Soon his great abilities displayed themselves, so as to win for him all that he asked from life, a moderate competency, a home, and a situation in which he could cultivate his talents with uninterrupted perseverance. A silent happiness lit up his days, deliberately, early he grew to giant stature, deeply honored wherever known, only not more widely known because indifferent to being so. No false lure glitters on his life from any side. He was never in a hurry, nor did he ever linger on the syren shore, but passed by, like Orpheus, not even hearing their songs, so enwrapt was he in the hymns he was singing to the gods.

Haydn is the untouched green forest in the fulness of a

June day; Handel the illuminated garden, where splendid and worldly crowds pause at times in the dark alleys, soothed and solemnized by the white moonlight; with Mozart the nightingale sings, and the lonely heron waves his wings, beside the starlit, secret lake, on whose bosom gazes the white marble temple. Bach is the towering, snowy mountain, "itself earth's Rosy Star," and the green, sunny, unasking valley, all in one. Earth and heaven are not lonely while such men live to answer to their meaning.

I had marked many passages which give a clear idea of Bach's vast intellectual comprehension, of the happy balance between the intuitive and the reasoning powers in his nature, the depth of his self-reliance, the untiring severity of his self-criticism, and the glad, yet solemn religious fulness of his mental life. But already my due limits are overstepped, and I am still more desirous to speak at some length of Beethoven. I shall content myself with two or three passages, which not only indicate the peculiar scope of this musician, but are of universal application to whatever is good in art or literature.

Bombet mentions this anecdote of Jomelli.

"On arriving at Bologna, he went to see the celebrated Father Martini, without making himself known, and begged to be received into the number of his pupils. Martini gave him a subject for a *fugue*; and finding that he executed it in a superior manner, 'Who are you?' said he, 'are you making game of me? It is I who need to learn of you.' 'I am Jomelli, the professor, who is to write the opera to be performed here next autumn, and I am come to ask you to teach me the great art of never being embarrassed by my own ideas.'"

There seems to have been no time in Bach's life when he needed to ask this question, the great one which Genius ever asks of Friendship. He did not need to flash out into clearness in another atmosphere than his own. Always he seems the master, possessing, not possessed by, his idea. These creations did not come upon him as on the ancient prophets, dazzling, unexpected, ever flowing from the centre of the universe. He was not possessed by the muse; he had not intervals of the second sight. The thought and the symbol were one with him, and like Shakspeare, he evolved from his own centre, rather than

was drawn to *the* centre. He tells the universe by living a self-centred world.

As becomes the greatest, he is not hasty, never presumptuous. We admired it in the child Mozart, that he executed at once the musical tour de force prepared by the Emperor Francis. We admire still more Bach's manly caution and sense of the importance of his art, when visiting, at an advanced age, the great Frederic, who seems to have received him king-like.

"The musicians went with him from room to room, and Bach was invited everywhere to try and to play unpremeditated compositions. After he had gone on for some time, he asked the King to give him a subject for a fugue, in order to execute it immediately, without any preparation. The King admired the learned manner in which his subject was thus executed extempore; and, probably to see how far such art could be carried, expressed a wish to hear a fugue with six obligato parts. But as it is not every subject that is fit for such full harmony, Bach chose one himself, and immediately executed it, to the astonishment of all present, in the same magnificent and learned manner as he had done that of the King."

The following anecdote shows the same deeply intellectual modesty and candor, and when compared with the inspired rapidity of Mozart, marks the distinction made by the French between "*une savante originalité*" and "*une rayonnante originalité*."

"He at length acquired such a high degree of facility, and, we may almost say, unlimited power over his instrument in all the modes, that there were hardly any more difficulties for him. As well in his unpremeditated fantasies, as in executing his other compositions, in which it is well known that all the fingers of both hands are constantly employed, and have to make motions which are as strange and uncommon as the melodies themselves; he is said to have possessed such certainty that he never missed a note. He had besides such an admirable facility in reading and executing the compositions of others, (which, indeed, were all easier than his own,) that he once said to an acquaintance, that he really believed he could play everything, without hesitating, at the first sight. He was, however, mistaken; and the friend, to whom he had thus expressed his opinion, convinced him of it before a week was passed. He invited him one morning to breakfast, and laid upon the desk of his instrument, among other pieces, one which at the first

glance appeared to be very trifling. Bach came, and, according to his custom, went immediately to the instrument, partly to play, partly to look over the music that lay on the desk. While he was turning over and playing them, his friend went into the next room to prepare breakfast. In a few minutes Bach got to the piece which was destined to make him change his opinion, and began to play it. But he had not proceeded far when he came to a passage at which he stopped. He looked at it, began anew, and again stopped at the same passage. 'No,' he called out to his friend, who was laughing to himself in the next room, at the same time going away from the instrument, 'one cannot play everything at first sight; it is not possible.'"

A few more extracts which speak for themselves.

"The clavichord and the organ are nearly related, but the style and mode of managing both instruments are as different as their respective destination. What sounds well, or expresses something on the clavichord, expresses nothing on the organ, and vice versâ. The best player on the clavichord, if he is not duly acquainted with the difference in the destination and object of the two instruments, and does not know constantly how to keep it in view, will always be a bad performer on the organ, as indeed is usually the case. Hitherto I have met with only two exceptions. The one is John Sebastian himself, and the second his eldest son, William Friedemann. Both were elegant performers on the clavichord; but, when they came to the organ, no trace of the harpsichord player was to be perceived. Melody, harmony, motion, all was different; that is, all was adapted to the nature of the instrument and its destination. When I heard Will Friedemann on the harpsichord, all was delicate, elegant, and agreeable. When I heard him on the organ, I was seized with reverential awe. There, all was pretty, here, all was grand and solemn. The same was the case with John Sebastian, but both in a much higher degree of perfection. W. Friedemann was here but a child to his father, and he most frankly concurred in this opinion. The organ compositions of this extraordinary man are full of the expression of devotion, solemnity, and dignity; but his unpremeditated voluntaries on the organ, where nothing was lost in writing down, are said to have been still more devout, solemn, dignified, and sublime. What is it that is most essential in this art? I will say what I know; much, however, cannot be said, but must be felt."

Then after some excellent observations upon the organ, he says,

"Bach, even in his secular compositions, disdained everything common; but in his compositions for the organ, he kept himself far more distant from it; so that here he does not appear like a man, but as a true disembodied spirit, who soars above everything mortal."

It does indeed seem, from all that is said of Bach on this score, that, as the organ was his proper instrument, and represents him, as the flute or violin might Mozart, so he that heard him on it enjoyed the sense of the true Miltonic Creation, thought too plenteous to be spoken of as rill, or stream, or fountain, but rolling and surging like a tide, marking its course by the large divisions of seas and continents.

I wish there was room to quote the fine story of the opera house at Berlin, p. 34, which shows how rapid and comprehensive was his intellectual sight in his own department; or the remarks on the nature of his harmony in that it was a multiplied melody, p. 42, 43, or on the severe truth and dignity of his conduct to his pupils and the public, p. 76. But I must content myself with the following passages, which beside lose much by mutilation.

"The ideas of harmony and modulation can scarcely be separated, so nearly are they related to each other. And yet they are different. By harmony we must understand the concord or coincidence of the various parts; by modulation, their progression.

"In most composers you find that their modulation, or if you will, their harmony, advances slowly. In musical pieces to be executed by numerous performers, in large buildings, as, for example, in churches, where a loud sound can die away but slowly, this arrangement indisputably shows the prudence of a composer, who wishes to have his work produce the best possible effect. But in instrumental or chamber music, that slow progress is not a proof of prudence, but, far oftener, a sign that the composer was not sufficiently rich in ideas. Bach has distinguished this very well. In his great vocal compositions, he well knew how to repress his fancy, which, otherwise, overflowed with ideas; but, in his instrumental music this reserve was not necessary. As he, besides, never worked for the crowd, but always had in his mind his ideal of perfection, without any view to approbation or the like, he had no reason whatever for giving less than he had, and could give, and in fact he has never done this. Hence in the modulation of his

instrumental works, every advance is a new thought, a constantly progressive life and motion, within the circle of the modes chosen, and those nearly related to them. Of the harmony which he adopts he retains the greatest part, but, at every advance he mingles something related to it; and in this manner he proceeds to the end of a piece, so softly, so gently, and gradually, that no leap, or harsh transition is to be felt; and yet no bar (I may almost say, no part of a bar,) is like another. With him, every transition was required to have a connexion with the preceding idea, and appears to be a necessary consequence of it. He knew not, or rather he disdained those sudden sallies, by which many composers attempt to surprise their hearers. Even in his chromatics, the advances are so soft and tender, that we scarcely perceive their distances, though often very great."

"In other departments he had rivals; but in the fugue, and all the kinds of canon and counterpoint related to it, he stands quite alone, and so alone, that all around him is, as it were, desert and void. * * * It (his fugue) fulfils all the conditions which we are otherwise accustomed to demand, only of more free species of composition. A highly characteristic theme, an uninterrupted principal melody, wholly derived from it, and equally characteristic from the beginning to the end; not mere accompaniment in the other parts, but in each of them an independent melody, according with the others, also from the beginning to the end; freedom, lightness, and fluency in the progress of the whole, inexhaustible variety of modulation combined with perfect purity; the exclusion of every arbitrary note, not necessarily belonging to the whole; unity and diversity in the style, rhythmus, and measure; and lastly, a life diffused through the whole, so that it sometimes appears to the performer or hearer, as if every single note were animated; these are the properties of Bach's fugue, — properties which excite admiration and astonishment in every judge, who knows what a mass of intellectual energy is required for the production of such works. I must say still more. All Bach's fugues, composed in the years of his maturity, have the above-mentioned properties in common; they are all endowed with equally great excellencies, but each in a different manner. Each has his own precisely defined character; and dependent upon that, its own turns in melody and harmony. When we know and can perform *one*, we really know only *one*, and can perform but *one*; whereas we know and can play whole folios full of fugues by other composers of Bach's time, as soon as we have comprehended and rendered familiar to our hand, the turns of a single one."

He disdained any display of his powers. If they were made obvious otherwise than in the beauty and fulness of what was produced, it was in such a way as this.

"In musical parties, where quartettes or other fuller pieces of instrumental music were performed, he took pleasure in playing the tenor. With this instrument, he was, as it were, in the middle of the harmony, whence he could both hear and enjoy it, on both sides. When an opportunity offered, in such parties, he sometimes accompanied a trio or other pieces on the harpsichord. If he was in a cheerful mood, *and knew that the composer of the piece, if present, would not take it amiss*, he used to make extempore out of the figured bass a new trio, or of three single parts a quartette. These, however, are the only cases in which he proved to others how strong he was.

"He was fond of hearing the music of other composers. If he heard in a church a fugue for a full orchestra, and one of his two eldest sons stood near him, he always, as soon as he had heard the introduction to the theme, said beforehand what the composer ought to introduce, and what possibly might be introduced. If the composer had performed his work well, what he had said happened; then he rejoiced, and jogged his son to make him observe it."

He did not publish a work till he was forty years of age. He never laid aside the critical file through all his life, so that an edition of his works, accompanied by his own corrections, would be the finest study for the musician.

This severe ideal standard, and unwearied application in realizing it, made his whole life a progress, and the epithet *old*, which too often brings to our minds associations of indolence or decay, was for him the title of honor. It is noble and imposing when Frederic the Second says to his courtiers, "with a kind of agitation, 'Gentlemen, Old Bach has come.'"

"He labored for himself, like every true genius; he fulfilled his own wish, satisfied his own taste, chose his subjects according to his own opinion, and lastly, derived the most pleasure from his own approbation. The applause of connoisseurs could not then fail him, and, in fact, never did fail him. How else could a real work of art be produced? The artist, who endeavors to make his works so as to suit some particular class of amateurs, either has no genius, or abuses it. To follow the prevailing taste of the many, needs, at the most, some dexterity in a very partial manner of treating tones. Artists of this

description may be compared to the mechanic, who must also make his goods so that his customers can make use of them. Bach never submitted to such conditions. He thought the artist may form the public, but that the public does not form the artist."

But it would please me best, if I could print here the whole of the concluding chapter of this little book. It shows a fulness and depth of feeling, objects are seen from a high platform of culture, which make it invaluable to those of us who are groping in a denser atmosphere after the beautiful. It is a slight scroll, which implies ages of the noblest effort, and so clear perception of laws, that its expression, if excessive in the particular, is never extravagant on the whole; a true and worthy outpouring of homage, so true that its most technical details suggest the canons by which all the various exhibitions of man's genius are to be viewed, and silences, with silver clarion tone, the barking of partial and exclusive connoisseurship. The person who should republish such a book in this country would be truly a benefactor. Both this and the *Life of Handel* I have seen only in the London edition. The latter is probably out of print; but the substance of it, or rather the only pregnant traits from it have been given here. This life of Bach should be read, as its great subject should be viewed, as a whole.

The entertaining memoir of Beethoven by Ries and Wegeler has been, in some measure, made known to us through the English periodicals. I have never seen the book myself. That to which I shall refer is the life of Beethoven by Schindler, to whom Beethoven confided the task of writing it, in case of the failure of another friend, whom he somewhat preferred.

Schindler, if inadequate to take an observation of his subject from any very high point of view, has the merit of simplicity, fidelity, strict accuracy according to his power of discerning, and a devout reverence both for the art, and this greatest exemplar of the art. He is one of those devout Germans who can cling for so many years to a single flower, nor feel that they have rifled all its sweets. There are in Rome Germans who give their lives to copy the great masters in the art of painting, nor ever feel that they can get deep enough into knowledge of the beauty already produced

to pass out into reproduction. They would never weary through the still night of tending the lights for the grand mass. Schindler is of this stamp; a patient student, most faithful, and, those of more electric natures will perhaps say, a little dull.

He is very indignant at the more sprightly sketches of Ries and Bettina Brentano. Ries, indeed, is probably inaccurate in detail, yet there is a truth in the whole impression received from him. It was in the first fervor of his youth that he knew Beethoven; he was afterwards long separated from him; in his book we must expect to see rather Ries, under the influence of Beethoven, than the master's self. Yet there is always deeper truth in this manifestation of life through life, if we can look at it aright, than in any attempt at an exact copy of the original. Let only the reader read poetically, and Germany *by* Madame de Staël, Wallenstein *by* Schiller, Beethoven *by* Ries, are not the less true for being inaccurate. It is the same as with the Madonna *by* Guido, or *by* Murillo.

As for Bettina, it was evident to every discerning reader that the great man never talked so; the whole narration is overflowed with Bettina rose-color. Schindler grimly says, the good Bettina makes him appear as a *Word Hero*; and we cannot but for a moment share his contempt, as we admire the granite laconism of Beethoven's real style, which is, beyond any other, the short hand of Genius. Yet "the good Bettina" gives us the soul of the matter. Her description of his manner of seizing a melody and then gathering together from every side all that belonged to it, and the saying, "other men are touched by something good. Artists are fiery; they do not weep," are Beethoven's, whether he really said them or not. "You say that Shakespeare never meant to express this! What then? his genius meant it!"

The impression Schindler gives of Beethoven differs from that given by Ries and Bettina only in this, that the giant is seen through uncolored glass; the lineaments are the same in all the three memoirs.

The direction left by Beethoven himself to his biographer is as follows. "Tell the truth with severe fidelity of me and all connected with me, without regard to whom it may hit, whether others or myself."

He was born 17th Dec., 1770. It is pleasing to the fancy to know that his mother's name was Maria Magdalena. She died when he was 17, so that a cabalistic number repeats itself the magical three times in the very first statement of his destiny.

The first thirty years of his life were all sunshine. His genius was early acknowledged, and princely friends enabled him to give it free play, by providing for his simple wants in daily life. Notwithstanding his uncompromising democracy, which, from the earliest period, paid no regard to rank and power, but insisted that those he met should show themselves worthy as men and citizens, before he would have anything to do with them, he was received with joy into the highest circles of Vienna. Van Swieten, the Emperor's physician, one of those Germans, who, after the labors of the day, find rest in giving the whole night to music, and who was so situated that he could collect round him all that was best in the art, was one of his firmest friends. Prince and Princess Lichnowsky constituted themselves his foster-parents, and were not to be deterred from their wise and tender care by the often perverse and impetuous conduct of their adopted son, who indeed tried them severely, for he was (*ein gewaltig natur*) "a vehement nature" that broke through all limits and always had to run his head against a barrier, before he could be convinced of its existence. Of the princess, Beethoven says; "With love like that of a grandmother, she sought to educate and foster me, which she carried so far as often to come near having a glass-bell put over me, lest somewhat unworthy should touch or even breathe on me." Their house is described as "*eine freihafen der Humanitat und feinem sitte*," the home of all that is genial, noble, and refined.

In these first years, the displays of his uncompromising nature affect us with delight, for they have not yet that hue of tragedy, which they assumed after he was brought more decidedly into opposition with the world. Here wildly great and free, as afterwards sternly and disdainfully so, he is, waxing or waning, still the same orb; here more fairly, there more pathetically noble.

He early took the resolution, by which he held fast through life, "against criticisms or attacks of any kind, so long as they did not touch his honor, but were aimed solely at his

artist-life, never to defend himself. He was not indifferent to the opinion of the good, but ignored as much as possible the assaults of the bad, even when they went so far as to appoint him a place in the mad-house." For that vein in human nature, which has flowed unexhausted ever since the days of "I am not mad, most noble Festus," making men class as magic or madness all that surpasses the range of their comprehension and culture, manifested itself in full energy among the contemporaries of Beethoven. When he published one of his greatest works, the critics declared him "*now* (in the very meridian of his genius) ripe for the mad-house." For why? "We do not understand it; we never had such thoughts; we cannot even read and execute them." Ah men! almost your ingratitude doth at times convince that you are wholly unworthy the visitations of the Divine!

But Beethoven "was an artist-nature"; he had his work to do, and could not stop to weep, either pitying or indignant tears. "If it amuses those people to say or to write such things of me, do not disturb them," was his maxim, to which he remained true through all the calamities of his "artist-life."

Gentleness and forbearance were virtues of which he was incapable. His spirit was deeply loving, but stern. Incapable himself of vice or meanness, he could not hope anything from men that were not so. He could not try experiments; he could not pardon. If at all dissatisfied with a man, he had done with him forever. This uncompromising temper he carried out even in his friendliest relations. The moment a man ceased to be important to him or he to the man, he left off seeing him, and they did not meet again, perhaps for twenty years. But when they *did* meet, the connexion was full and true as at first. The inconveniences of such proceedings in the conventional world are obvious, but Beethoven knew only the world of souls.

"In man he saw only the man. Rank and wealth were to him mere accidents, to which he attached no importance. To bow before Mammon and his ministers he considered absolute blasphemy; the deepest degradation to the man who had genius for his dower. The rich man must show himself noble and beneficent, if he would be honored by the least attention from Beethoven." "He thought that the Spirit, the Divine in man,

must always maintain its preëminence over the material and temporary; that, being the immediate gift of the Creator, it obliged its possessor to go before other men as a guiding light."

How far his high feeling of responsibility, and clear sight of his own position in the universe were from arrogance, he showed always by his aversion to servile homage. He left one of his lodging houses because the people would crowd the adjacent bridge to gaze on him as he went out; another because the aristocratic proprietor, abashed before his genius, would never meet him without making so many humble reverences, as if to a domesticated god. He says in one of the letters to Julietta, "I am persecuted by kindness, which I think I wish to deserve as little as I really do deserve it. Humility of man before man,—it pains me;—and when I regard myself in connexion with the universe, what am I? and what is he whom they name Greatest? And yet there is the Godlike in man."

"Notwithstanding the many temptations to which he was exposed, he, like each other demigod, knew how to preserve his virtue without a stain. Thus his inner sense for virtue remained ever pure, nor could he suffer anything about him of dubious aspect on the moral side. In this respect he was conscious of no error, but made his pilgrimage through life in untouched maidenly purity. The serene muse, who had so highly gifted and elected him to her own service, gave in every wise to his faculties the upward direction, and protected him, even in artistical reference, against the slightest contact with vulgarity, which, in life as in art, was to him a torture."—"Ah, had he but carried the same clearness into the business transactions of his life!"

So sighs the friend, who thinks his genius was much impeded by the transactions, in which his want of skill entangled him with sordid, contemptible persons.

Thus in unbroken purity and proud self-respect; amid princely bounties and free, manly relations; in the rapid and harmonious development of his vast powers, passed the first thirty years of his life. But towards the close of that period, crept upon him the cruel disorder, to him of all men the most cruel, which immured him a prisoner in the heart of his own kingdom, and beggared him for the rest of his life of the delights he never ceased to lavish on others.

After his fate was decided he never complained, but what lay in the secret soul is shown by the following paper.

"During the summer he lived at Heiligenstadt, by the advice of his physician, and in the autumn wrote the following testament.

"For my brothers Carl and — Beethoven.

"O ye men, who esteem or declare me unkind, morose, or misanthropic, what injustice you do me; you know not the secret causes of that which so seems. My heart and my mind were from childhood disposed to the tender feelings of good will. Even to perform great actions was I ever disposed. But think only that for six years this ill has been growing upon me, made worse by unwise physicians; that from year to year I have been deceived in the hope of growing better; finally constrained to the survey of this as a permanent evil, whose cure will require years, or is perhaps impossible. Born with a fiery, lively temperament, even susceptible to the distractions of society, must I early sever myself, lonely pass my life. If I attempted, in spite of my ill, intercourse with others, O how cruelly was I then repulsed by the doubly gloomy experience of my bad hearing; and yet it was not possible for me to say to men, speak louder, scream, for I am deaf! Ah, how would it be possible for me to make known the weakness of a sense which ought to be more perfect in me than in others, a sense which I once possessed in the greatest perfection, in a perfection certainly beyond most of my profession. O I cannot do it. Therefore pardon, if you see me draw back when I would willingly mingle with you. My misfortune is a double woe, that through it I must be misunderstood. For me the refreshment of companionship, the finer pleasures of conversation, mutual outpourings can have no place. As an exile must I live! If I approach a company, a hot anguish falls upon me, while I fear to be put in danger of exposing my situation. So has it been this half year that I have passed in the country. The advice of my friendly physician, that I should spare my hearing, suited well my present disposition, although many times I have let myself be misled by the desire for society. But what humiliation, when some one stood near me, and from afar heard the flute, and I heard *nothing*, or *heard the Shepherd sing*,* and I heard nothing. Such occurrences brought me near to despair; little was wanting that I should, myself, put an end to my life. Only she, Art, she held me back! Ah! it seemed to me impossible to leave the world before I had brought to light all

* See Ries.

which lay in my mind. And so I lengthened out this miserable life, so truly miserable, as that a swift change can throw me from the best state into the worst. *Patience*, it is said, I must now take for my guide. I have so. Constant, I hope, shall my resolution be to endure till the inexorable Fates shall be pleased to break the thread. Perhaps goes it better, perhaps not; I am prepared. Already in my twenty-eighth year constrained to become a philosopher. It is not easy, for the artist harder than any other man. O God, thou lookest down upon my soul, thou knowest that love to man and inclination to well-doing dwell there. O men, when you at some future time read this, then think that you have done me injustice, and the unhappy, let him be comforted by finding one of his race, who in defiance of all hindrances of nature has done all possible to him to be received in the rank of worthy artists and men. You, my brothers, Carl and —*, so soon as I am dead, if Professor Schmidt is yet living, pray him in my name that he will describe my disease, and add this writing to the account of it, that at least as much as possible the world may be reconciled with me after my death. At the same time I declare you two the heirs of my little property, (if I may call it so). Divide it honorably, agree, and help one another. What you have done against me has been, as you know, long since pardoned. Thee, brother Carl, I especially thank for thy lately shown attachment. My wish is that you may have a better life, freer from care than mine. Recommend to your children virtue, that alone can make happy, not gold. I speak from experience. For this it was that raised up myself from misery; this and my art I thank, that I did not end my life by my own hand. Farewell and love one another. All friends I thank, especially Prince Lichnowsky and Professor Schmidt. I wish the instruments given me by Prince L. to be preserved with care by one of you, yet let no strife arise between you on that account. So soon as they are needed for some more useful purpose, sell them. Joyful am I that even in the grave I may be of use to you. Thus with joy may I greet death; yet comes it earlier than I can unfold my artist powers, it will, notwithstanding my hard destiny, come too early, and I would wish it delayed; however I would be satisfied that it freed me from a state of endless suffering. Come when thou wilt, I go courageously to meet thee. Farewell, and forget me not wholly in death; I have deserved that you should not, for in my life I thought often of you, and of making you happy; be so.

“LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

“Heiligenstadt, 6th October, 1802”

* He seems to have forgotten at the moment the name of his younger brother.

"Postscript. 10th October, 1802.

"So take I then a sad farewell of thee. Yes! the beloved hope, which I brought hither, to be cured at least to a certain point, must now wholly leave me. As the leaves fall in autumn, are withered, so has also this withered for me. Almost as I came hither, so go I forth, even the high courage, which inspired me oft in the fair summer days, is vanished. O Providence, let once again a clear day of joy shine for me, so long already has the inward echo of true joy been unknown to me. When, when, O God, can I feel it again in the temple of nature and of man?—Never? No! that would be too cruel!"

The deep love shown in these words, love such as only proud and strong natures know, was not only destined to be wounded in its general relations with mankind through this calamity. The woman he loved, the inspiring muse of some of his divinest compositions, to whom he writes, "Is not our love a true heavenly palace, also as firm as the fortress of heaven," was unworthy. In a world where millions of souls are pining and perishing for want of an inexhaustible fountain of love and grandeur, this soul, which was indeed such an one, could love in vain. This eldest son, this rightful heir of nature, in some secret hour, writes at this period, "Only love, that alone could give thee a happier life. O my God, let me only find at last that which may strengthen me in virtue, which to me is lawful. A love which is permitted, (erlaubt)."

The prayer was unheard. He was left lonely, unsustained, unsolaced, to wrestle with, to conquer his fate. Pierced here in the very centre of his life, exposed both by his misfortune and a nature which could neither anticipate nor contend with the designs of base men, to the anguish of meeting ingratitude on every side, abandoned to the guardianship of his wicked brothers, Beethoven walked in night, as regards the world, but within, the heavenly light ever overflowed him more and more.

Shall lesser beings repine that they do not receive their dues in this short life with such an example before them, how large the scope of eternal justice must be? Who can repine that thinks of Beethoven? His was indeed the best consolation of life. "To him a God gave to tell what he suffered," as also the deep joys of knowledge that spring from suffering. As he descends to "the divine deeps of

sorrow," and calls up, with spells known only to those so initiated, forms so far more holy, radiant, and commanding than are known in regions of cheerful light, can we wish him a happier life? He has been baptized with fire, others only with water. He has given all his life and won the holy-sepulchre and a fragment, at least, of the true cross. The solemn command, the mighty control of various forces which makes us seem to hear

"Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things (rushing) to the day of doom,"

the searching through all the caverns of life for the deepest thought, and the winged uprise of feeling when it is attained; were not these wonders much aided by the calamity, which took this great genius from the outward world, and forced him to concentrate just as he had attained command of his forces?

Friendly affection, indeed, was not wanting to the great master; but who could be his equal friend? It was impossible; he might have found a love, but could not a friend in the same century with himself. But men were earnest to serve and women to venerate him. Schindler, as well as others, devoted many of the best years of life to him. A beautiful trait of affection is mentioned of the Countess Marie Erdödy, a friend dear to Beethoven, who in the park which surrounds her Hungarian palace erected a temple which she dedicated to him.

Beethoven had two brothers. The one, Johann, seems to have been rather stupid and selfish than actively bad. The character of his mind is best shown by his saying to the great master, "you will never *succeed* as well as I have." We have all, probably, in memory instances where the reproving angel of the family, the one whose thinking mind, grace, and purity, may possibly atone for the worthless lives of all the rest, is spoken of as the unsuccessful member, because he has not laid up treasures there where moth or rust do corrupt, and ever as we hear such remarks, we are tempted to answer by asking, "what is the news from Sodom and Gomorrah?" But the farce of *Beethoven's not succeeding* is somewhat broad, even in a world where many such sayings echo through the streets. At another time Johann, having become proprietor of a little

estate, sent in to Beethoven's lodging a new year card on which was written Johann van Beethoven Gutsbesitzer, (possessor of an estate,) to which the master returned one inscribed Ludwig van Beethoven Hirnbesitzer, (possessor of a brain.) This Gutsbesitzer refused his great brother a trifling aid in his last illness, applied for by the friends who had constituted themselves his attendants, and showed towards him systematic selfishness and vulgarity of feeling. Carl, the other brother, under the mask of affectionate attention, plundered him both of his gains and the splendid presents often made him, and kept away by misrepresentations and falsehood all those who would have sincerely served him. This was the easier, in that the usual unfortunate effect of deafness of producing distrust was increased in Beethoven's case by signal instances of treachery, shown towards him in the first years of incapacity to manage his affairs as he had done before his malady. This sad distrust poisoned the rest of his life; but it was his only unworthiness; let us not dwell upon it. This brother, Carl, was Beethoven's evil genius, and his malignant influence did not cease with his life. He bequeathed to his brother the care of an only son, and Beethoven assumed the guardianship with that high feeling of the duties it involved, to be expected from one of his severe and pure temper. The first step he was obliged to take was to withdraw the boy from the society and care of his mother, an unworthy woman, under whose influence no good could be hoped from anything done for him. The law-suit, instituted for this purpose, which lasted several years, was very injurious to Beethoven's health, and effectually impeded the operations of his poetic power. For he was one "who so abhorred vice and meanness that he could not bear to hear them spoken of, much less suffer them near him; yet now was obliged to think of them, nay, carefully to collect evidence in proof of their existence, and that in the person of a near connexion." This quite poisoned the atmosphere of his ideal world, and destroyed for the time all creative glow. On account of the *van* prefixed to his name, the cause was, at first, brought before the tribunal of nobility. They called on Beethoven to show them his credentials of noble birth. "Here!" he replied, putting his hand to his head and heart. But as these nobles mostly derived their titles

from the head and heart of some remote ancestor, they would not recognise this new peerage, and Beethoven, with indignant surprise, found himself referred to the tribunal of the common burghers.

The lawsuit was spun out by the obstinate resistance of his sister-in-law for several years, and when Beethoven at last obtained possession of the child, the seeds of vice were already sown in his breast. An inferior man would have been more likely to eradicate them than Beethoven, because a kindred consciousness might have made him patient. But the stern Roman spirit of Beethoven could not demand less than virtue, less than excellence, from the object of his care. For the youth's sake he made innumerable sacrifices, toiled for him as he would not for himself, was lavish of all that could conduce to his true good, but imperiously demanded from him truth, honor, purity, and aspiration. No tragedy is deeper than the perusal of his letters to the young man, so brief and so significant, so stern and so tender. The joy and love at every sign of goodness, the profound indignation at failure and falsehood, the power of forgiving but not of excusing, the sentiment of the true value of life, so rocky calm that with all its height it never seems exalted, make these letters a biblical chapter in the protest of modern days against the backslidings of the multitude. The lover of man, the despiser of men, he who writes, "Recommend to your children virtue; that alone can make happy, not gold; *I speak from experience*," is fully painted in these letters.

In a lately published novel, "Night and Morning," Bulwer has well depicted the way in which a strong character overshoots its mark in the care of a weak one. The belief of Philip that his weaker brother will abide by a conviction or a promise, with the same steadfastness that he himself could; the unfavorable action of his disinterested sacrifices on the character of his charge, and the impossibility that the soft, selfish child should sympathize with the conflicts or decisions of the strong and noble mind; the undue rapidity with which Philip draws inferences, false to the subject because too large for it; all this tragedy of common life is represented with Rembrandt power of shadow in the history of Beethoven and his nephew. The ingratitude of the youth is unsurpassed, and the nature it wronged was

one of the deepest capacity for suffering from the discovery of such baseness. Many years toiled on the sad drama; its catastrophe was the death of this great master, caused by the child of his love neglecting to call a physician, because he wanted to play at billiards.

His love was unworthy; his adopted child unworthy; his brothers unworthy. Yet though his misfortunes in these respects seem singular, they sprang from no chance. Here, as elsewhere, "mind and destiny are two names for one idea." His colossal step terrified those around him; they wished him away from the earth, lest he should trample down their mud-hovels; they bound him in confiding sleep; or, Judas-like, betrayed with a base kiss of fealty. His genius excited no respect in narrow minds; his entire want of discretion in the economy of life left him, they thought, their lawful prey. Yet across the dark picture shines a gleam of almost unparalleled lustre, for "she, Art, she held him up."

I will not give various instances of failure in promises from the rich and noble, piracy from publishers, nor even some details of his domestic plagues in which he displays a breadth of humor, and stately savage sarcasm, refreshing in their place. But I will not give any of these, nor any of his letters, because the limits forbid to give them all, and they require light from one another. In such an account as the present a mere sketch is all that can be attempted.

A few passages will speak for themselves. Goethe neglected to lend his aid to the artist for whom he had expressed such admiration, at a time when he might have done so without any inconvenience. Perhaps Beethoven's letter (quoted No. V. of the *Dial*, *Essay on Goethe*) may furnish an explanation of this. Cherubini omitted to answer Beethoven's affectionate and magnanimous letter, though he complied with the request it contained. But "the good Bettina" was faithful to her professions, and of essential use to Beethoven, by interesting her family in the conduct of his affairs.

He could not, for any purpose, accommodate himself to courts, or recognise their claims to homage. Two or three orders given him for works, which might have secured him the regard of the imperial family, he could not obey. Whenever he attempted to compose them, he found that the

degree of restriction put upon him by the Emperor's taste hampered him too much. The one he did compose for such a purpose, the "*Glorreiche Augenblick*," Schindler speaks of as one of the least excellent of his works.

He could not bear to give lessons to the Archduke Rudolph, both because he detested giving regular lessons at all, and because he could not accommodate himself to the ceremonies of a court. Indeed it is evident enough from a letter of the Archduke's, quoted by Schindler as showing most condescending regard, how unfit it was for the lion-king to dance in gilded chains amid these mummeries.

Individuals in that princely class he admired, and could be just to, for his democracy was very unlike that fierce vulgar radicalism which assumes that the rich and great *must* be bad. His was only vindication of the rights of man; he could see merit if seated on a throne, as clearly as if at a cobbler's stall. The Archduke Karl, to whom Körner dedicated his heroic muse, was the object of his admiration also. The Empress of Russia, too, he admired.

"Whoever wished to learn of him was obliged to follow his steps everywhere, for to teach or say anything at an appointed time was to him impossible. Also he would stop immediately, if he found his companion not sufficiently versed in the matter to keep step with him." He could not harangue; he must always be drawn out.

Amid all the miseries of his house-keeping or other disturbances, (and here, did space permit, I should like to quote his humorous notice of his "four bad days," when he was almost starved,) he had recourse to his art. "He would be fretted a little while; then snatch up the score and write "*noten im nothen*," as he was wont to call them, and forget the plague."

When quite out of health and spirits he restored himself by the composition of a grand mass. This "great, solemn mass," as he calls it in his letter to Cherubini, was offered to the different courts of Europe for fifty ducats. The Prussian ambassador in a diplomatic letter attempted to get it for an order and ribbon. Beethoven merely wrote in reply, "fifty ducats." He indeed was as disdainful of gold chains and orders as Bach was indifferent to them.

Although thus haughty, so much so that he would never

receive a visit from Rossini, because, though he admitted that the Italian had genius, he thought he had not cultivated it with that devout severity proper to the artist, and was, consequently, corrupting the public taste, he was not only generous in his joy at any exhibition of the true spirit from others, but tenderly grateful for intelligent sympathy with himself, as is shown in the following beautiful narratives.

"Countess S. brought him on her return from —, German words by Herr Scholz, written for his first mass. He opened the paper as we were seated together at the table. When he came to the 'Qui tollis,' tears streamed from his eyes, and he was obliged to stop, so deeply was he moved by the inexpressibly beautiful words. He cried, 'Ja! so habe ich gefühlt, als ich dieses schrieb,' 'yes, this was what I felt when I wrote it.' It was the first and last time I ever saw him in tears."

They were such tears as might have been shed on the Jubilee of what he loved so much, Schiller's Ode to Joy.

"Be welcome, millions
This embrace for the whole world."

Happy the man, who gave the bliss to Beethoven of feeling his thought not only recognised, but understood. Years of undiscerning censure, and scarcely less undiscerning homage, are obliterated by the one true vibration from the heart of a fellow-man. *Then* the genius is at home on earth, when another soul knows not only what he writes, but what he felt when he wrote it. "The music is not the lyre nor the hand which plays upon it, but when the two meet, that arises which is neither, but gives each its place."

A pleasure almost as deep was given him on this occasion. Rossini had conquered the German world also; the public had almost forgotten Beethoven. A band of friends, in whose hearts the care for his glory and for the high, severe culture of art was still living, wrote him a noble letter, in which they entreated him to give to the public one of his late works, and, by such a musical festival, eclipse at once these superficial entertainments. The spirit of this letter is thoughtful, tender, and shows so clearly the German feeling as to the worship of the Beautiful, that it would have been well to translate it, but that it is too long. It should be a remembrancer of pride and happiness to those who signed their names to it. Schindler knew when it was to

be sent, and, after Beethoven had had time to read it, he went to him.

"I found Beethoven with the memorial in his hand. With an air of unwonted serenity, he reached it to me, placing himself at the window to gaze at the clouds drawing past. His only deep emotion could not escape my eye. After I had read the paper I laid it aside, and waited in silence for him to begin the conversation. After a long pause, during which his looks constantly followed the clouds, he turned round, and said, in an elevated tone that betrayed his deep emotion, 'Es ist doch recht schön. Es freut mich.' 'It is indeed right fair. It rejoices me.' I assented by a motion of the head. He then said, 'Let us go into the free air.' When we were out he spoke only in monosyllables, but the spark of desire to comply with their request glimmered visibly in him."

This musical festival at last took place after many difficulties, caused by Beethoven's obstinacy in arranging all the circumstances in his own way. He could never be brought to make allowance anywhere for ignorance or incapacity. So it must be or no how! He could never be induced to alter his music on account of the incapacity of the performers, (the best, too, on that occasion, anywhere to be had,) for going through certain parts. So that they were at last obliged to alter parts in their own fashion, which was always a great injury to the final effect of his works. They were at this time unwearied in their efforts to please him, though Sontag playfully told him he was "a very tyrant to the singing organs."

This festival afforded him a complete triumph. The audience applauded and applauded, till, at one time, when the acclamations rose to their height, Sontag perceiving that Beethoven did not hear, as his face was turned from the house, called his attention. The audience then, as for the first time realizing the extent of his misfortune, melted into tears, then all united in a still more rapturous expression of homage. For once at least the man excited the tenderness, the artist the enthusiasm he deserved.

His country again forgot one who never could nor would call attention to himself; she forgot in the day him for whom she in the age cherishes an immortal reverence, and the London Philharmonic Society had the honor of ministering to the necessities of his last illness. The generous

eagerness with which they sent all that his friendly attendants asked, and offered more whenever called for, was most grateful to Beethoven's heart, which had in those last days been frozen by such ingratitude. It roused his sinking life to one last leap of flame; his latest days were passed in revolving a great work which he wished to compose for the society, and which those about him thought would, if finished, have surpassed all he had done before.

No doubt, if his situation had been known in Germany, his country would have claimed a similar feeling from him. For she was not to him a step-dame; and, though in his last days taken up with newer wonders, would not, had his name been spoken, have failed to listen and to answer.

Yet a few more interesting passages. He rose before daybreak both in winter and summer, and worked till two or three o'clock, rarely after. He would never correct, to him the hardest task, as, like all great geniuses, he was indefatigable in the use of the file, in the evening. Often in the midst of his work he would run out into the free air for half an hour or more, and return laden with new thoughts. When he felt this impulse he paid no regard to the weather.

Plato and Shakspear were his favorite authors; especially he was fond of reading Plato's Republic. He read the Greek and Roman classics much, but in translations, for his education, out of his art, was limited. He also went almost daily to coffee-houses, where he read the newspapers, going in and out by the back-door. If he found he excited observation, he changed his haunt.

"He tore without ceremony a composition submitted to him by the great Hummel, which he thought bad. Moscheles, dreading a similar fate for one of his which was to pass under his criticism, wrote at the bottom of the last page, 'Finis. With the help of God.' Beethoven wrote beneath, 'Man, help thyself.'"

Obviously a new edition of *Hercules and the Wagoner*.

"He was the most open of men, and told unhesitatingly all he thought, unless the subject were art and artists. On these subjects he was often inaccessible, and put off the inquirer with wit or satire." "On two subjects he would never talk, thorough bass and religion. He said they were both things complete within themselves, (in sich abgeschlossene dinge,) about which men should dispute no farther."

"As to the productions of his genius, let not a man or a nation, if yet in an immature stage, seek to know them. They require a certain degree of ripeness in the inner man to be understood.

"From the depth of the mind arisen, she, (Poesie,) is only to the depth of the mind either useful or intelligible."

I cannot conclude more forcibly than by quoting Beethoven's favorite maxim. It expresses what his life was, and what the life must be of those who would become worthy to do him honor.

"The barriers are not yet erected which can say to aspiring talent and industry, thus far and no farther."

Beethoven is the only one of these five artists whose life can be called unfortunate. They all found early the means to unfold their powers, and a theatre on which to display them. But Beethoven was, through a great part of his public career, deprived of the satisfaction of guiding or enjoying the representation of his thoughts. He was like a painter who could never see his pictures after they are finished. Probably, if he could himself have directed the orchestra, he would have been more pliable in making corrections with an eye to effect. Goethe says that no one can write a successful drama without familiarity with the stage, so as to know what can be expressed, what must be merely indicated. But in Beethoven's situation, there was not this reaction, so that he clung more perseveringly to the details of his work than great geniuses do, who live in more immediate contact with the outward world. Such an one will, indeed, always answer like Mozart to an ignorant criticism, "There are just as many notes as there should be." But a habit of intercourse with the minds of men gives an instinctive tact as to meeting them, and Michel Angelo, about to build St. Peter's, takes into consideration, not only his own idea of a cathedral, but means, time, space, and prospects.

But the misfortune, which fettered the outward energies, deepened the thought of Beethoven. He travelled inward, downward, till downward was shown to be the same as upward, for the centre was passed.

Like all princes, he made many ingrates, and his powerful lion nature, was that most capable of suffering from the amazement of witnessing baseness. But the love, the

pride, the faith, which survive such pangs are those which make our stair to heaven. Beethoven was not only a poet, but a victorious poet, for having drunk to its dregs the cup of bitterness, the fount of inward nobleness remained undefiled. Unbeloved, he could love; deceived in other men, he yet knew himself too well to despise human nature; dying from ingratitude, he could still be grateful.

Schindler thinks his genius would have been far more productive, if he had had a tolerably happy home, if instead of the cold discomfort that surrounded him, he had been blessed, like Mozart, with a gentle wife, who would have made him a sanctuary in her unwearied love. It is, indeed, inexpressibly affecting to find the "vehement nature," even in his thirty-first year, writing thus; "At my age one sighs for an equality, a harmony of outward existence," and to know that he never attained it. But the lofty ideal of the happiness which his life could not attain, shone forth not the less powerfully from his genius. The love of his choice was not "firm as the fortress of heaven," but his heart remained the gate to that fortress. During all his later years, he never complained, nor did Schindler ever hear him advert to past sorrows, or the lost objects of affection. Perhaps we are best contented that earth should not have offered him a home; where is the woman who would have corresponded with what we wish from his love? Where is the lot in which he could have reposed with all that grandeur of aspect in which he now appears to us? Where Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth, there may be a home for thee, Beethoven.

We will not shrink from the dark clouds which became to his overflowing light cinctures of pearl and opal; we will not, even by a wish, seek to amend the destiny through which a divine thought glows so clearly. Were there no *Œdipuses* there would be no *Antigones*.

Under no other circumstances could Beethoven have ministered to his fellows in the way he himself indicates.

"The unhappy man, let him be comforted by finding one of his race who, in defiance of all hindrances of nature, has done all possible to him to be received in the rank of worthy artists and men."

In three respects these artists, all true artists, resemble one another. Clear decision. The intuitive faculty speaks

clear in those devoted to the worship of Beauty. They are not subject to mental conflict, they ask not counsel of experience. They take what they want as simply as the bird goes in search of its proper food, so soon as its wings are grown.

Like nature they love the work for its own sake. The philosopher is ever seeking the thought through the symbol, but the artist is happy at the implication of the thought in his work. He does not reason about "religion or thorough bass." His answer is Haydn's, "I thought it best so." From each achievement grows up a still higher ideal, and when his work is finished, it is nothing to the artist who has made of it the step by which he ascended, but while he was engaged in it, it was all to him, and filled his soul with a parental joy.

They do not criticise, but affirm. They have no need to deny aught, much less one another. All excellence to them was genial; imperfection only left room for new creative power to display itself. An everlasting yes breathes from the life, from the work of the artist. Nature echoes it, and leaves to society the work of saying no, if it will. But it will not, except for the moment. It weans itself for the moment, and turns pettishly away from genius, but soon stumbling, groping, and lonely, cries aloud for its nurse. The age cries *now*, and what an answer is prophesied by such harbinger stars as these at which we have been gazing. We will engrave their names on the breast-plate, and wear them as a talisman of hope.

M. F. Allen,

LIGHT AND SHADE.

LIGHT flashes on the waves, but there is none in my soul!
 I have only a part and oh! I long for the whole.
 Give! Give! ye mighty Gods — why do ye thus hold back?
 Why torture thus my soul on the world's weary rack?
 I did not seek for life — why did ye place me here? —
 So mean, so small a thing e'en to myself I appear.
 There lies the wide infinite, but it is nought to me!
 And I must long and seek through all eternity.
 And I! and I! I still must cry!
 And I! oh! how I scorn this I!
 Calm! they are calm the Gods above — but I
 Am ever seeking that, which ever still doth fly!

S. Yappan
Caroline

FRIENDSHIP.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers."

LET such pure hate still underprop
Our love, that we may be
Each other's conscience,
And have our sympathy
Mainly from thence.

We'll one another treat like gods,
And all the faith we have
In virtue and in truth, bestow
On either, and suspicion leave
To gods below.

Two solitary stars —
Unmeasured systems far
Between us roll,
But by our conscious light we are
Determined to one pole.

What need confound the sphere —
God can afford to wait,
For him no hour's too late
That witnesseth our duty's end,
Or to another doth beginning lend.

Love will subserve no use,
More than the tints of flowers,
Only the independent guest
Frequents its bowers,
Inherits its bequest.

No speech though kind has it,
But kinder silence doles
Unto its mates,
By night consoles,
By day congratulates.

What saith the tongue to tongue?
What heareth ear of ear?
By the decrees of fate
From year to year,
Does it communicate.

Pathless the gulf of feeling yawns —
No trivial bridge of words,
Or arch of boldest span,
Can leap the moat that girds
The sincere man.

No show of bolts and bars
Can keep the foeman out,
Or 'scape his secret mine
Who entered with the doubt
That drew the line.

No warden at the gate
Can let the friendly in,
But like the sun o'er all
He will the castle win,
And shine along the wall.

There's nothing in the world I know
That can escape from love,
For every depth it goes below,
And every height above.

It waits as waits the sky,
Until the clouds go by,
Yet shines serenely on
With an eternal day,
Alike when they are gone,
And when they stay.

Implacable is Love, —
Foes may be bought or teased
From their hostile intent,
But he goes unappeased
Who is on kindness bent.

H. D. T. Horeau.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

THE sinful painter drapes his goddess warm,
Because she still is naked being drest:
The godlike sculptor will not so deform
Beauty which limbs and flesh enough invest.

Wm. W.

FATE.

THAT you are fair or wise is vain,
Or strong, or rich, or generous;
You must have also the untaught strain
That sheds beauty on the rose.
There is a melody born of melody
Which melts the world into a sea.

Toil could never compass it,
Art its height could never hit,
It came never out of wit;
But a music music-born
Well may Jove and Juno scorn.
Thy beauty, if it lack the fire
Which drives me mad with sweet desire,
What boots it? What the soldier's mail,
Unless he conquer and prevail?
What all the goods thy pride which lift,
If thou pine for another's gift?
Alas! that one is born in blight,
Victim of perpetual slight;—
When thou lookest on his face,
Thy heart saith, Brother! go thy ways;
None shall ask thee what thou doest,
Or care an apple for what thou knowest,
Or listen when thou repliest,
Or remember where thou liest,
Or how thy supper is sodden,—
And another is born
To make the sun forgotten.
Surely he carries a talisman
Under his tongue,
Broad are his shoulders, and strong,
And his eye is scornful,
Threatening and young.
I hold it of little matter,
Whether your jewel be of pure water,
A rose diamond or a white,
But whether it dazzle me with light.
I care not how you are drest,
In the coarsest or in the best,
Nor whether your name is base or brave,
Nor for the fashion of your behavior,
But whether you charm me,
Bid my bread feed and my fire warm me,
And dress up nature in your favor.
One thing is forever good,—
That one thing is Success,
Dear to the Eumenides,
And to all the heavenly brood.
Who bides at home, nor looks abroad,
He carries the eagles—he masters the sword.

Dr. W. E.

WOODNOTES.

NUMBER II.

*As sunbeams stream through liberal space
And nothing jostle or displace,
So waved the pinetree through my thought,
And fanned the dreams it never brought.*

"Whether is better the gift or the donor?
Come to me,"

Quoth the pinetree,

"I am the giver of honor.

My garden is the cloven rock,

And my manure the snow,

And drifting sandheaps feed my stock

In summer's scorching glow.

Ancient or curious,

Who knoweth aught of us?

Old as Jove,

Old as Love,

Who of me

Tells the pedigree?

Only the mountains old,

Only the waters cold,

Only moon and star

My coevals are.

Ere the first fowl sung

My relenting boughs among;

Ere Adam wived,

Ere Adam lived,

Ere the duck dived,

Ere the bees hived,

Ere the lion roared,

Ere the eagle soared,

Light and heat, land and sea

Spake unto the oldest tree.

Glad in the sweet and secret aid

Which matter unto matter paid,

The water flowed, the breezes fanned,

The tree confined the roving sand,

The sunbeam gave me to the sight,

The tree adorned the formless light,

And once again

O'er the grave of men

We shall talk to each other again,

Of the old age behind,

Of the time out of mind,

Which shall come again.

"Whether is better the gift or the donor?
Come to me,"

Quoth the pinetree,
"I am the giver of honor.
He is great who can live by me.
The rough and bearded forester
Is better than the lord;
God fills the scrip and canister,
Sin piles the loaded board.
The lord is the peasant that was,
The peasant the lord that shall be:
The lord is hay, the peasant grass,
One dry, and one the living tree.
Genius with my boughs shall flourish,
Want and cold our roots shall nourish.
Who liveth by the ragged pine,
Foundeth a heroic line;
Who liveth in the palace hall,
Waneth fast and spendeth all.
He goes to my savage haunts
With his chariot and his care,
My twilight realm he disenchant,
And finds his prison there.

What prizes the town and the tower?
Only what the pinetree yields;
Sinew that subdued the fields;
The wild-eyed boy, who in the woods
Chaunts his hymn to hills and floods,
Whom the city's poisoning spleen
Made not pale, or fat, or lean;
Whom the rain and the wind purgeth,
Whom the dawn and the daystar urgeth,
In whose cheek the rose-leaf blusheth,
In whose feet the lion rusheth,
Iron arms, and iron mould,
That know not fear, fatigue, or cold.
I give my rafters to his boat,
My billets to his boiler's throat,
And I will swim the ancient sea
To float my child to victory,
And grant to dwellers with the pine
Dominion o'er the palm and vine.
Westward I ope the forest gates,
The train along the railroad skates,
It leaves the land behind like ages past,
The foreland flows to it in river fast,
Missouri, I have made a mart,
I teach Iowa Saxon art.
Who leaves the pinetree, leaves his friend,
Unnerves his strength, invites his end.
Cut a bough from my parent stem,
And dip it in thy porcelain vase;
A little while each russet gem
Will swell and rise with wonted grace;

But when it seeks enlarged supplies,
The orphan of the forest dies.

Whoso walketh in solitude,
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock, and bird,
Before the money-loving herd,
Into that forester shall pass,
From these companions power and grace.
Clean shall he be, without, within,
From the old adhering sin.
Love shall he, but not adulate,
The all-fair, the all-embracing Fate;
All ill dissolving in the light
Of his triumphant piercing sight.
Not vain, sour, nor frivolous,
Not mad, athirst, nor garrulous,
Grave, chaste, contented, though retired,
And of all other men desired.
On him the light of star and moon
Shall fall with purer radiance down;
All constellations of the sky
Shed their virtue through his eye.
Him nature giveth for defence
His formidable innocence;
The mounting sap, the shells, the sea,
All spheres, all stones, his helpers be;
He shall never be old;
Nor his fate shall be foretold;
He shall see the speeding year,
Without wailing, without fear;
He shall be happy in his love,
Like to like shall joyful prove;
He shall be happy whilst he woos
Muse-born a daughter of the Muse;
But if with gold she bind her hair,
And deck her breast with diamond,
Take off thine eyes, thy heart forbear,
Though thou lie alone on the ground.
The robe of silk in which she shines,
It was woven of many sins,
And the shreds
Which she sheds
In the wearing of the same,
Shall be grief on grief,
And shame on shame.

Heed the old oracles
Ponder my spells,
Song wakes in my pinnacles
When the wind swells.
Soundeth the prophetic wind,
The shadows shake on the rock behind,

And the countless leaves of the pine are strings
Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings.

Hearken! Hearken!

If thou wouldst know the mystic song
Chaunted when the sphere was young.
Aloft, abroad, the pæan swells;
O wise man! hear'st thou half it tells?
O wise man! hear'st thou the least part?
'T is the chronicle of art.
To the open ear it sings,
The early genesis of things,
Of tendency through endless ages,
Of star-dust, and star-pilgrimages,
Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
Of the old flood's subsiding slime,
Of chemic matter, force and form,
Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm;
The rushing metamorphosis,
Dissolving all that fixture is,
Melts things that be to things that seem,
And solid nature to a dream.
O listen to the undersong,
The ever old, the ever young;
And far within those cadent pauses
The chorus of the ancient Causes!
Delights the dreadful Destiny,
To fling his voice into the tree,
And shock thy weak ear with a note
Breathed from the everlasting throat.
In music he repeats the pang
Whence the fair flock of nature sprang.
O mortal! thy ears are stones;
These echoes are laden with tones,
Which only the pure can hear;
Thou canst not catch what they recite,
Of Fate and Will, of Want and Right,
Of man to come, of human life,
Of Death, and Fortune, Growth, and Strife.

Once again the pinetree sung; —
"Speak not thy speech my boughs among;
Put off thy years, wash in the breeze;
My hours are peaceful centuries!
Talk no more with feeble tongue,
No more the fool of space and time,
Come weave with mine a nobler rhyme.
Only thy Americans
Can read thy line, can meet thy glance,
But the runes that I rehearse
Understands the universe;
The least breath my boughs which tossed,
Brings again the Pentecost;
To every soul it soundeth clear,
In a voice of solemn cheer,

'Am I not thine? Are not these thine?'

And they reply, 'Forever mine?'

My branches speak Italian,
English, German, Basque, Castilian,
Mountain speech to Highlanders,
Ocean tongues to islanders,
To Fin and Lap and swart Malay,
To each his bosom secret say.

Come learn with me the fatal song,
Which knits the world in music strong,
Whereto every bosom dances,
Kindled with courageous fancies,
Come lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes,
Of things with things, of times with times,
Primal chimes of sun and shade,
Of sound and echo, man and maid,
The land reflected in the flood,
Body with shadow still pursued;
For nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
Whether she work in land or sea,
Or hide underground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.
The wood is wiser far than thou;
The wood and wave each other know.
Not unrelated, unaffied,
But to each thought and thing allied,
Is perfect nature's every part,
Rooted in the mighty Heart.
But thou, poor child! unbound, unrhymed,
Whence camest thou, misplaced, mistimed?
Whence, O thou orphan and defrauded?
Is thy land peeled, thy realm marauded?
Who thee divorced, deceived, and left;
Thee of thy faith who hath bereft,
And torn the ensigns from thy brow,
And sunk the immortal eye so low?
Thy cheek too white, thy form too slender,
Thy gait too slow, thy habits tender
For royal man; they thee confess
An exile from the wilderness, —
The hills where health with health agrees,
And the wise soul expels disease.
Hark! in thy ear I will tell the sign
By which thy hurt thou may'st divine.
When thou shalt climb the mountain cliff,
Or see the wide shore from thy skiff,
To thee the horizon shall express
Only emptiness and emptiness:
There is no man of nature's worth
In the circle of the earth,

And to thine eye the vast skies fall
 Dire and satirical
 On clucking hens, and prating fools,
 On thieves, on drudges, and on dolls.
 And thou shalt say to the most High,
 'Godhead! all this astronomy
 And Fate, and practice, and invention,
 Strong art, and beautiful pretension,
 This radiant pomp of sun and star,
 Throes that were, and worlds that are,
 Behold! were in vain and in vain;—
 It cannot be,— I will look again,
 Surely now will the curtain rise,
 And earth's fit tenant me surprise;—
 But the curtain doth *not* rise,
 And nature has miscarried wholly
 Into failure, into folly.'

Alas! thine is the bankruptcy,
 Blessed nature so to see.
 Come, lay thee in my soothing shade,
 And heal the hurts which sin has made.
 I will teach the bright parable
 Older than time,
 Things undeclarable,
 Visions sublime.
 I see thee in the crowd alone;
 I will be thy companion.
 Let thy friends be as the dead in doom,
 And build to them a final tomb;
 Let the starred shade that nightly falls
 Still celebrate their funerals,
 And the bell of beetle and of bee
 Knell their melodious memory.
 Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
 Thy churches and thy charities,
 And leave thy peacock wit behind;
 Enough for thee the primal mind
 That flows in streams, that breathes in wind.
 Leave all thy pedant lore apart;
 God hid the whole world in thy heart.
 Love shuns the sage, the child it crowns,
 And gives them all who all renounce.
 The rain comes when the wind calls,
 The river knows the way to the sea,
 Without a pilot it runs and falls,
 Blessing all lands with its charity.
 The sea tosses and foams to find
 Its way up to the cloud and wind.
 The shadow sits close to the flying ball,
 The date fails not on the palmtree tall,
 And thou — go burn thy wormy pages,—
 Shall outsee the seer, outwit the sages.

Oft didst thou thread the woods in vain
To find what bird had piped the strain,—
Seek not, and the little eremite
Flies gaily forth and sings in sight.

Hearken! once more;
I will tell thee the mundane lore.
Older am I than thy numbers wot,
Change I may, but I pass not;
Hitherto all things fast abide,
And anchored in the tempest ride.
Trenchant time behoves to hurry
All to yean and all to bury;
All the forms are fugitive,
But the substances survive.
Ever fresh the broad creation,
A divine improvisation,
From the heart of God proceeds,
A single will, a million deeds.
Once slept the world an egg of stone,
And pulse, and sound, and light was none;
And God said, Throb; and there was motion,
And the vast mass became vast ocean.
Onward and on, the eternal Pan
Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
Halteth never in one shape,
But forever doth escape,
Like wave or flame, into new forms
Of gem, and air, of plants, and worms.
I, that to-day am a pine,
Yesterday was a bundle of grass.
He is free and libertine,
Pouring of his power the wine
To every age, to every race;
Unto every race and age
He emptieth the beverage;
Unto each, and unto all,
Maker and original.
The world is the ring of his spells,
And the play of his miracles.
As he giveth to all to drink,
Thus or thus they are and think.
He giveth little or giveth much,
To make them several or such.
With one drop sheds form and feature,
With the second a special nature,
The third adds heat's indulgent spark,
The fourth gives light which eats the dark,
In the fifth drop himself he flings,
And conscious Law is King of kings.
Pleaseth him the Eternal Child
To play his sweet will, glad and wild;

As the bee through the garden ranges,
 From world to world the godhead changes;
 As the sheep go feeding in the waste,
 From form to form he maketh haste,
 And this vault which glows immense with light
 Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
 What reck's such Traveller if the bowers
 Which bloom and fade like meadow flowers,
 A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
 Or the stars of eternity?
 Alike to him the better, the worse; —
 The glowing angel, the outcast corse.
 Thou metest him by centuries,
 And lo! he passes like the breeze;
 Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
 He hides in pure transparency;
 Thou askest in fountains and in fires,
 He is the essence that inquires.
 He is the axis of the star;
 He is the sparkle of the spar;
 He is the heart of every creature;
 He is the meaning of each feature;
 And his mind is the sky
 Than all it holds more deep, more high.

R. W. E.

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST'S IDEA OF SOCIETY.

THE common mode of studying the Idea of Jesus Christ, with respect to Society, has uniformly been, to seek its manifestation in Ecclesiastical History. It seems not to have been doubted, that what his immediate followers thought and did, must necessarily have done full justice to his views; and this has led to the most laborious investigations of the history of the times — a history peculiarly difficult to investigate, from many causes. There is only here and there an individual, even of the present day, who has seen that, supposing we understood exactly the Apostolic church, it is after all below the mark, at which Jesus aimed, and really of little consequence to us, as far as our present modes of action are concerned.

There is certainly no reasonable doubt that the apostles organized churches, for the express purpose of promulgating the history and words of Jesus; with how much, or

how little ultimate success, as to his aim of establishing the kingdom of heaven on earth, the past history and present condition of Christendom may show. What the apostles did, was, however, doubtless, the wisest thing they could do at the time ; and we have received its benefits. The words and life of Jesus are promulgated to the hearing of the ear. An unfallen soul has been embalmed in the hearts, and brought down to succeeding generations on the mighty affections of those, on whom he necessarily made so prodigious a personal impression ; and this development of an individual into the divine life is available for the encouragement and culture of all men. There has never yet been a criticism of those early Reminiscences, well called the Gospels, and the Epistles that accompany them, and the fine dramatic poem that concludes the New Testament, which has done any justice to them, as the divinest efflorescence of human nature through the medium of Literature. When we consider the technical reverence with which they are held sacred, loaded as they have been with the extraneous authority which councils, and popes, and synods have endeavored to give them, it is only wonderful that here and there a spirit is found so free and self-dependent as to accept them simply ; as we accept the history of our native land, the poetry of our native tongue, the sweetness and magnificence of nature itself. Yet such only can appreciate them.

But while we acknowledge the natural growth, the good design, and the noble effects of the apostolic church, and wish we had it, in place of our own more formal ones, we should not do so small justice to the divine soul of Jesus of Nazareth, as to admit, that it was a main purpose of his to found it, or that when it was founded, it realized his idea of human society. Indeed we probably do injustice to the apostles themselves, in supposing that they considered their churches anything more than initiatory. Their language implies, that they looked forward to a time, when the uttermost parts of the earth should be inherited by their beloved master, — and beyond this, when even the name, which is still above every name, should be lost in the glory of the Father, who is to be all in all.

Some persons indeed refer all this sort of language to another world ; but this is gratuitously done. Both Jesus

and the apostles speak of life as the same in both worlds. For themselves individually, they could not but speak principally of another world; but they imply no more, than that death is an accident, which would not prevent, but hasten, to themselves and others, the enjoyment of that divine life, which they were laboring to make possible to all men, in time as well as in eternity.

Not in the action of the followers of Jesus therefore, are we to seek the Idea of Jesus respecting Society; not even of those followers so generally admitted to have been inspired by him to a degree one man is never known to have inspired others. Like every great soul and more than any other, Jesus remands us to our own souls, which are to be forever searched with more and more purification of prayer, to find the echo, the witness, the inward sanction of his great utterances. In fine, the truth "as it is in Jesus" is not to be understood by studying Ecclesiastical History, even in the letters of the immediate disciples to their churches, but by following *his method* of Life and Thought. This method was to go to God first hand; to live faithful to the simplest principle of love; and to suffer courageously and gently whatsoever transpired in consequence of uttering what he believed to be the truth. Immediate consequences, even though they were so serious as the arming of a nation against an individual, and his being crucified, he set entirely aside; he did not even argue against a consideration of them; he ignored them wholly, and trusted to living out, without heat, but genially, all principles, — with simple earnestness.

We have been so robbed of this beautiful soul and the life it led in the flesh, by the conventional reverence in which it has been held, and which has made it weigh down our souls as a fruitless petrification laid upon them; instead of its being planted in our heart as a seed to germinate, and sprout, and flower, and bear fruit, and go to seed, to unfold again in new forms, — that when we catch the subject in a natural point of view, it seems difficult to abandon it without doing fuller justice to it. But at present the object is not to unfold the beauty of Jesus Christ's soul and conversation in the world, but to speak of his Idea of human society, which must be sought as he sought it, in the soul itself; whose light he has encouraged us to seek by showing how it brought him to the secret of God.

And what is meant, when we say we will seek the Idea of human society in the soul itself? We can mean nothing else than this; what the soul craves from the social principle, to cherish and assist its perfection, is to be "the light of all our seeing" upon the subject. The Problem of the present age is human society, not as a rubric of abstract science, but as a practical matter and universal interest; an actual reconciliation of outward organization with the life of the individual souls who associate; and by virtue of whose immortality each of them transcends all arrangements.

Hitherto two errors have prevailed, either singly or in combination; one has led men to neglect social organization wholly, or regard it as indifferent; and to treat of an isolated cultivation of the soul, as if it could be continuously independent of all extraneous influence. A noble truth is at the foundation of this error, which has prevailed among the spiritual and devout. On the other hand, minds of a more objective turn, combined with social feelings, and sensibility to the temptations of political power, have been lost in organization, by making it a supreme object, and so have overlooked the individual souls, in each of which is the depth of eternity. A combination of these errors has in some instances produced theocratic societies, of which the most available instance is the Roman Catholic Church, which was not a reconciliation of these opposite errors, but a compromise between them; retaining the two extremes in their extremity, with all the evils arising out of the fact, that men as worldly as Leo the Tenth, and men as unworldly as Ignatius de Loyola, have had full play therein for all their vices.

And this method of the Roman Catholic Church, which is shortly characterized, though roughly perhaps, as that which Jesus refused to enter upon, when Satan offered to him the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory thereof, if he would fall down and worship him, (legitimate ends by illegitimate means,) this method has prevailed over the whole world, Protestant as well as Catholic. Time has been deliberately given over to the Devil, in a sort of understanding, that thus might eternity be secured for God; and by means of this separation and personification of the finite and infinite in the soul, an absurdity and lie have

been enacted in society, and have entered into the sanctuary of man's Being.

But Falsehood is finite. The Soul begins to be conscious to itself, and to reject this lie from its own depths; and the kingdom of Heaven, as it lay in the clear spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, is rising again upon vision. Nay, this kingdom begins to be seen not only in religious ecstasy, in moral vision, but in the light of common sense, and the human understanding. Social science begins to verify the prophecy of poetry. The time has come when men ask themselves, what Jesus meant when he said, "Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto the least of these little ones, ye have not done it unto me."

No sooner is it surmised that the kingdom of heaven and the Christian Church are the same thing, and that this thing is not an association *ex parte* society, but a reorganization of society itself, on those very principles of Love to God and Love to Man, which Jesus Christ realized in his own daily life, than we perceive the Day of Judgment for society is come, and all the words of Christ are so many trumpets of doom. For before the judgment seat of his sayings, how do our governments, our trades, our etiquettes, even our benevolent institutions and churches look? What Church in Christendom, that numbers among its members a pauper or a negro, may stand the thunder of that one word, "Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto the least of these little ones, ye have not done it unto ME;" and yet the church of Christ, the kingdom of heaven, has not come upon earth, according to our daily prayer, unless not only every church, but every trade, every form of social intercourse, every institution political or other, can abide this test.

We are not extravagant. We admit that to be human implies to be finite; that to be finite implies obstruction, difficulty, temptation, and struggle; but we think it is evident that *Jesus* believed men could make it a principle to be perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect; that they could *begin* to love and assist each other; that these principles could and would prevail over the Earth at last; that he aimed in his social action at nothing partial; that he did not despair of society itself being organized in harmony with the two commandments, in which he generalized the

Law and the Prophets. He surely did not believe these things from experience, or observation of the world, but from the consciousness of Pure Reason. His own eye, so clear and pure, and bent inward on a complete soul, saw the immensity of it in its relation to God. Here was his witness, the Father who taught him, the all-sufficient force to be roused in the consciousness of every other man. When he bade every man, in order to this awakening, live on the principle and plan that he lived on, of unfolding and obeying the divine instinct, under the conscious protection of the Being of beings, considered as a father,—he saw that a kingdom of Heaven on Earth must necessarily follow; in other words, that the moral law would become supreme, and human nature, sanctified and redeemed, be unfolded in beauty and peace. Only at first, and because of the evil already organized in the world, would the manifestation of the Eternal Peace be a sword, and the introduction into the world of the Life, be, to the individuals who should do it, suffering and death.

We are desirous to establish this point, because it is often taken for granted, since the period of the French Revolution, that all movements towards new organization are unchristian. One would think from the tone of conservatives, that Jesus accepted the society around him, as an adequate framework for individual development into beauty and life, instead of calling his disciples "out of the world." We maintain, on the other hand, that Christ desired to reorganize society, and went to a depth of principle and a magnificence of plan for this end, which has never been appreciated, except here and there, by an individual, still less been carried out. Men, calling themselves Christians, are apt to say, that it is visionary to think of reorganizing society on better principles; that whatever different arrangements might be made, human nature would reduce them to the same level. But when we think of the effect that a few great and good men have had, what worlds of thought and power open on our minds! Leaving Jesus at the head, and ranging through such names as Moses, Confucius, Socrates, Paul, Luther, Fenelon, Washington, and whatever other men have worshipped the spirit and believed it would remove mountains, are we not authorized to hope infinitely? These men have trusted the soul in

its possible union with God, and in just such degree as they did, have they become Saviours of men. If one of them is so prominent over the rest, as to have borne away that title preëminently, it is because he alone was sublime in his faith; he alone fully realized by life, as well as thought and feeling, that the soul and its Father are one, and greatly prayed that all his disciples should be one with God also, without a doubt of the ultimate answer of this prayer. He alone went so deeply into human nature as to perceive, that what he called himself was universal. He alone, therefore, among men, is entitled to the grateful homage of all men, for he alone has *respected* all men, even the lost and dead. When it came to that extreme of circumstance still he did not despair, but said, "I am the resurrection and the life." Here indeed was the consciousness of immortality which is absolute. The finite may go no farther than this. And human nature has not been insensible to this great manifestation, but has worshipped Jesus as the absolutely divine. There was a truth in this worship, the noblest of all idolatries, though in its evil effects, we are made aware, that "the corruption of the best is the worst," and see the *rationale* of the old commandment, that we should make no image of the unimaginable God, even out of anything in heaven. Both the Church and the mass of our society are fierce to defend the position, that Jesus of Nazareth lived a divine life in the flesh. Not satisfied with the admission of the fact, they would establish the necessity of it *a priori*, by denying him that human element which makes evil a possibility. When Jesus said *I*, they would have us believe he meant to say the absolute spirit. Let us gladly admit it. When Jesus said *I*, he referred to a divine being. — Jesus is doubtless one transparent form of the *infinite* Goodness — but he is only *one form*, and there can be but one of a form in an Infinite Creation. Here is the common mistake. Jesus Christ is made the model of form and not revered as a quickening spirit purely. Because other men could not realize his form, they have been supposed to be essentially different natures, while another Jesus would not have been natural in any event. Oneness with God does not require any particular form. Raphael and Michel Angelo might have been one with God, no less than was Jesus, but they

would doubtless still have been painters and sculptors, and not preachers, nor moral reformers. The same method of life, which made Jesus what he was, would make every other soul different from him in outward action and place. We do infinite injustice to this noble being, when we fancy that he intended to cut men to a pattern; when we say that any special mode of activity makes a member of his Church. A member of the Church of Christ is the most individual of men. He works miracles at no man's and no woman's bidding. He ever says words not expected. He does deeds no man can foretell. His utterances are prophecies, which the future only can make significant. His intimacy with the Father isolates him even among his nearest friends. Ever and anon, like the lark, he departs even from the sight of his beloved mates on earth, into a "privacy of glorious light," where indeed his music "thrills not the less the bosom of the plain."

But if the world has always been right in seeing, that Jesus lived a divine life on the earth, the question is, what was that life? What was the principle and method of it? How did he live? Did he model himself on any form? Did he study tradition as something above himself? Did he ask for any day's man between himself and God? And did he, or did he not, teach that we should live as he did? Did he, or did he not imply, that that depth of soul to which he applied the word *I*, was an universal inheritance, when he said, "Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto the least of these little ones, ye have not done it unto me?" If this will not, what can teach, that the divine element to be revered in himself, exists also to be revered in all other men?

But if there is a divine principle in man, it has a right, and it is its duty to unfold itself from itself. Justice requires that it should have liberty to do so — of men. A social organization, which does not admit of this, which does not favor, and cherish, and act with main reference to promoting it, is inadequate, false, devilish. To call a society Christendom, which is diametrically opposite in principle to Christ's idea, is an insult to the beautiful soul of Jesus. To crush the life he led wherever it appears in other men, is taking the name of Jesus in vain. Yet does any man say his soul is his own, and standing by Jesus' side, com-

mune with God first hand, calling the greatest names on earth brethren of Jesus, he is excommunicated as irreverent, by the very society which laughs to scorn, which would imprison as mad, if not as impious, whoever proposes to live himself, or to organize society on the Christian principles of coöperation. Not less fiercely than the necessity, *a priori*, of Jesus' own perfection is contended for, is also the necessity, *a priori*, of a society of competition contended for, whose highest possible excellence may be the balance of material interests; while the divine life is to be for men as they rise, but a hope, a dream, a vision to be realized beyond the grave!

There are men and women, however, who have dared to say to one another; why not have our daily life organized on Christ's own idea? Why not begin to move the mountain of custom and convention? Perhaps Jesus' method of thought and life is the Saviour,—is Christianity! For each man to think and live on this method is perhaps the second coming of Christ;—to do unto the little ones as we would do unto *him*, would be perhaps the reign of the Saints;—the kingdom of heaven. We have hitherto heard of Christ by the hearing of the ear; now let us see him, let us be him, and see what will come of that. Let us communicate with each other, and live.

Such a resolution has often been made under the light of the Christian Idea; but the light has shone amidst darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not. Religious communities have ever but partially entered into the Idea of Christ. They have all been Churches, *ex parte* society, in some degree. They have been tied up and narrowed by creeds and tests. Yet the temporary success of the Hershutters, the Moravians, the Shakers, even the Rappites, have cleared away difficulties and solved problems of social science.* It has been made plain that the material goods of life, "the life that now is," are not to be sacrificed (as by the anchorite) in doing fuller justice to the social principle. It has been proved, that with the same degree of

* We would especially refer the reader to the history of the Rappites. An interesting account of them may be found in Mellish's *Travels*, published in 1812; and their history since proves the triumphant superiority of community to divided labor.

labor, there is no way to compare with that of working in a community, banded by some sufficient Idea to animate the will of the laborers. A greater quantity of wealth is procured with fewer hours of toil, and without any degradation of any laborer. All these communities have demonstrated what the practical Dr. Franklin said, that if every one worked bodily three hours daily, there would be no necessity of any one's working more than three hours.

But one rock upon which communities have split is, that this very ease of procuring wealth has developed the desire of wealth, and so the hours redeemed by community of labor have been reapplied to sordid objects too much. This is especially the case with the Shakers, whose fanaticism is made quite subservient to the passion for wealth, engendered by their triumphant success. The missionary objects of the Moravians have kept them purer.

The great evil of Community, however, has been a spiritual one. The sacredness of the family, and personal individuality have been sacrificed. Each man became the slave of the organization of the whole. In becoming a Moravian, a Shaker, or whatever, men have ceased to be men in some degree. Now a man must be religious, or he is not a man. But neither is a *Religieux* a *man*. That there are other principles in human nature to be cultivated beside the religious, must be said; though we are in danger, by saying it, of being cried out upon, as of old, "Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." The liberal principle always exposes a man to this outcry, no less than the religious principle, passionately acted out, has ever exposed the enthusiast to the charge, "He hath a Devil." *Inanes voces!*

But although Christianity is a main cause, it is not the only cause of the movements towards Reform, which are perceived all around us. In Europe and America there are opposite impelling forces, which have brought the common sense of men to the same vision, which Jesus saw in religious ecstasy or moral reason.

In Europe it is the reaction of corrupt organization. Wherever in Europe the mass are not wholly overborne by political despotism, there is a struggle after some means of coöperation for social well being. The French and English presses have teemed, during the last quarter of a cen-

tury, with systems of socialism. Many, perhaps the majority of these, have been planned on inadequate or false views of the nature of man. Some have supposed the seeds of evil were so superficial, that a change of outward circumstances would restore peace and innocence forthwith to the earth. Such persons little appreciate the harm that false organization has actually done to the race. They little appreciate the power of custom, of disobedience to the natural laws of body and mind. They take everything into consideration but the man himself. Yet the most futile of these schemers can afford some good hints, and very sharply and truly criticise society as it is, and teach all who will listen without heat or personal pique.

But in England there are degrees of coöperation which do not amount to community. Neighborhoods of poor people with very small capitals, and some with no capital but the weekly produce of their own hands, have clubbed together, to make sufficient capital to buy necessities of life at wholesale, and deal them out from a common depot at cost to one another. These clubs have been often connected with some plan for mental cultivation, and of growth in the principles of coöperation by contemplation and consideration of its moral character. We have lately seen a little paper published by one of these clubs for the mutual edification of their various members, which was Christian in its profession and spirit, and most ably supported in all its articles. Benevolent individuals of all sects in England are looking towards such operations for relief of the present distress. We have lately seen a plan for a self-supporting institution of 300 families of the destitute poor, which was drawn up by the author of "*Hampden in the 19th Century*," (who has become a Christian and spiritualist, since he wrote that book). This plan numbers among its patrons some of the most respectable ministers of the Established Church, and William Wordsworth of Rydal Mount, which proves to what a pressing necessity it answers. Reaction in Europe is a signal source of a movement towards reorganization. And in America, reaction, no doubt, does something, but not all. The light here has come mainly from a better source. The theory of the Constitution of the United States, which placed the Rights of man to equal social privileges, on a deeper foundation

than ancient compact, was the greatest discovery in political science, the world had ever made. It was the dawn of a new day, which is tending fast to noonday light. It is true American life has never come up to the theory of the Constitution as it is ;— and yet is that theory but a dawning ray of the Sun. The light has touched the Image of Memnon, and waked a music which does not cease to unfold new harmonies. The end of society is seen by many to be the perfection of the Individual spiritually, still more than a fair balance and growth of material good. This idea clothes itself in various forms. The Abolitionists, the Non-resistants, those so earnest against the imprisonment for debt and capital punishment, in short, every set of social reformers, come ever and anon to the great principles, that there is an infinite worth and depth in the individual soul ; that it has temporal interests as well as eternal interests ; that it is not only desirable that it should be saved hereafter, but that it live purely and beautifully now ; that this world is not only probation, and in a large degree retribution ; but it is the kingdom of heaven also, to all who apprehend God and nature truly.

There have been some plans and experiments of community attempted in this country, which, like those elsewhere, are interesting chiefly as indicating paths in which we should not go. Some have failed because their philosophy of human nature was inadequate, and their establishments did not regard man as he is, with all the elements of devil and angel within his actual constitution. Brisbane has made a plan worthy of study in some of its features, but erring in the same manner. He does not go down into a sufficient spiritual depth, to lay foundations which may support his superstructure. Our imagination before we reflect, no less than our reason after reflection, rebels against this attempt to circumvent moral Freedom, and imprison it in his Phalanx. Yet we would speak with no scorn of a work, which seems to have sprung from a true benevolence, and has in it much valuable thought. As a criticism on our society it is unanswerable. It is in his chapters on the education and *uses* of children, that we especially feel his inadequacy to his work. But he forestalls harsh criticism by throwing out what he says, as a *feeler* after something better. As such it has worth certainly.

The prospectus of a plan of a community has also been published in a religious paper, called the *Practical Christian*, edited at Mendon, Massachusetts, by Adin Ballou, which is worthy of more attention. With a single exception, the articles of this confederation please us. It is a business paper of great ability, and the relations of the private and common property are admirably adjusted. The moral exposition of this paper, which follows it, shows a deep insight into the Christian Idea, and no man can read it, without feeling strongly called upon to "come out from the world." But the objection to this plan is, that admittance as a member is made dependent on the taking of the temperance, abolition, nonresistance pledges, the pledge not to vote, &c. The interpretation of this in their exposition is very liberal and gentle, it is true; and as they there speak of their test rather as a pledge of faithfulness to one another, and as a means of mutual understanding, than as an impawnment of their own moral will, it is difficult for one who is a temperance man, an abolitionist, a non-resistant, and who does not at any rate vote, — to find fault. But after all is said for it that can be, they must admit that this test makes their community a church only, and not *the* church of Christ's Idea, world-embracing. *This* can be founded on nothing short of faith in the universal man, as he comes out of the hands of the Creator, with no law over his liberty, but the Eternal Ideas that lie at the foundation of his Being. Are you a man? This is the only question that is to be asked of a member of human society. And the enounced laws of that society should be an elastic medium of these Ideas; providing for their everlasting unfolding into new forms of influence, so that the man of Time should be the growth of Eternity, consciously and manifestly.

To form such a society as this is a great problem, whose perfect solution will take all the ages of time; but let the Spirit of God move freely over the great deep of social existence, and a creative light will come at His word, and after that long Evening in which we are living, the Morning of the first day shall dawn on a Christian society.

The final cause of human society is the unfolding of the individual man into every form of perfection, without let or hindrance, according to the inward nature of each. In

strict correspondence to this, the ground Idea of the little communities, which are the embryo of the kingdom to come, must be Education. When we consider that each generation of men is thrown, helpless, and ignorant even of the light within itself, into the arms of a full grown generation which has a power to do it harm, all but unlimited, we acknowledge that no object it can propose to itself is to be compared with that of educating its children truly. Yet every passion has its ideal having its temple in society, while the schools and universities in all Christendom struggle for existence, how much more than the Banks, the East India companies, and other institutions for the accumulation of a doubtful external good ! how much more than even the gambling houses and other temples of acknowledged vice !

The difficulty on this subject lies very deep in the present constitution of things. As long as Education is made the object of an Institution in society, rather than is the generating Idea of society itself, it must be apart from life. It is really too general an interest to suffer being a particular one. Moral and Religious Education is the indispensable condition and foundation of a true development. But an apparatus for this of a mechanical character, in any degree, is in the nature of things an absurdity. Morals and Religion are not something induced upon the human being, but an opening out of the inner life. What is now called moral and religious education, in the best institutions, is only a part of the intellectual exercises, as likely to act against as for the end. Those laws, which should be lived before they are intellectually apprehended, are introduced to the mind in the form of propositions, and assented to by the Reason, in direct opposition to the life which the constitution of society makes irresistible. Hence is perpetually reproduced that internal disorganization of the human being, which was described of old in the fable of man's eating of the tree of Knowledge, to the blinding of his eyes to the tree of Life ; the whole apparatus of education being the tempting Serpent. Moral and Religious life should be the atmosphere in which the human being unfolds, it being freely lived in the community in which the child is born. Thus only may he be permitted to freely act out what is within him ; and have no temptations but necessary ones ; and the intellectual apprehension follow

rather than precede his virtue. This is not to take captive the will, but to educate it. If there were no wrong action in the world organized in institutions, children could be allowed a little more moral experimenting than is now convenient for others, or safe for themselves. As the case now is, our children receive, as an inheritance, the punishment and anguish due to the crimes that have gone before them, and the Paradise of youth is curtailed of its fair proportions cruelly and unjustly, and to the detriment of the future man.

In the true society, then, Education is the ground Idea. The highest work of man is to call forth man in his fellow and child. This was the work of the Christ in Jesus, and in his Apostles; and not only in them, but in Poets and Philosophers of olden time; in all who have had immortal aims, in *all* time; whether manifested in act or word, builded in temples, painted on canvass, or chiselled in stone. All action, addressed to the immortal nature of man in a self-forgetting spirit, is of the same nature, — the divine life. The organization which shall give freedom to this loving creative spirit, glimpses of which were severally called the Law in Rome, the Ideal in Greece, Freedom and Manliness in Northern Europe, and Christ by the earnest disciples of Jesus of Nazareth, is at once the true human society, and the only university of Education worthy the name.

N. B. A Postscript to this Essay, giving an account of a specific attempt to realize its principles, will appear in the next number.

Elizabeth C. Peabody

POEMS ON LIFE.

NO. I.

LIFE is onward — use it
With a forward aim;
Toil is heavenly, choose it,
And its warfare claim.

Look not to another
To perform your will ;
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward — never
Look upon the past,
It would hold you ever
In its clutches fast. —
Now is your dominion,
Weave it as you please ;
Bind not the soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.

Life is onward — try it,
Ere the day is lost ;
It hath virtue — buy it
At whatever cost.
If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.

Life is onward — heed it
In each varied dress,
Your own act can speed it
On to happiness.
His bright pinion o'er you
Time waves not in vain,
If Hope chants before you
Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward — prize it
In sunshine and in storm ;
Oh do not despise it
In its humblest form.
Hope and Joy together,
Standing at the goal,
Through Life's darkest weather,
Beckon on the Soul.

NO. II.

EVERY little spring flows on,
Loving through the day to run ;
Night seals never up its fountain,
Coursing still from hill and mountain,
Its glad task it follows ever,
Filling up the steadfast river.

So each little act and thought
Is with a deep meaning fraught,

In the bright and sunny morning,
Marring life or else adorning,
In the hour of night, a story
Weaving on for shame or glory.

If the tiny stream be dry,
Trickling no more merrily
The green fields and woodlands over,
But lies hid beneath its cover,
Then the river, sluggish, weary,
Scarce moves on its pathway dreary.

Thus, if each swift day no more
Yield its tribute to life's store,
If each little act be slighted,
And at night its torch unlighted,
Filled no more with truth and glory,
Life will be an idle story.

W.

WINDMILL.

THE tower-like mill,
High on the hill,
Tells us of many fair homesteads concealed
In the valleys around;
Where waving in sunlight, many a field
Of bright grain may be found.

The wild free wind
They have sought to bind
And make it labor like all other things;
Nought careth he;
Joyful he works, while he joyfully sings,
And wanders free.

A broad swift stream,
With glance and gleam,
Comes rolling down from the mountains afar,
Exulting in life;
It sweeps over rocks; it knows no bar;
Too mighty for strife.

Green winding lanes,
Broad sunny plains,
High hills echoing every sweet sound,
Trees stately and tall,
Glorious in beauty are seen all around. —
Where is the lord of all?

Like the eagle high,
That cleaves through the sky,
Whose keen eye glances through burning light,
Such should he be!
Seest thou yonder that poor weary wight?
Alas! it is he.

ascribed by Cooke to
W. E. Channing
and erroneously -

Caroline Daffar

FESTUS.*

AGLAURON. Well, Laurie, I have come for you to walk; but you look very unlike doing anything so good. What portend that well-filled ink-horn, and that idle pen, and that quire of paper, blank, I see, as yet? And your face no less so. Pray what is the enterprise before you?

LAURIE. A hopeless one! To give some account of the impression produced by a great poem.

AGLAURON. Hopeless, indeed! To "drink up Issel, eat a crocodile," is not hard task enough for ambition like yours. You must measure the immeasurable; while growing calculate your growth; as the sunbeam passes, you must chronicle the miracles it has yet to perform before it is spent.

LAURIE. Such are the tasks proposed to man; he needs not propose them to himself.

AGLAURON. Nay, I cannot blame the poor infant. To be sure his little hands can never reach the moon, nor grasp the fire, but he would be a dullard, if he did not stretch them out just so boldly. But this task of yours seems to me not only bold, but perfectly idle. A man capable of criticising a great poem has something else to do.

LAURIE. And that is? —

AGLAURON. Writing another.

LAURIE. That is not a just way of thinking. It is not the order of nature for every man to express the thought that agitates the general mind, or interpret the wonders that nature offers to all alike. What matter who does it,

* Festus; a Poem. London. William Pickering. 1839.

so it is done ? When a great thought has been expressed, a proportionate receptivity should be brought out. The man who hears occupies a place as legitimate in the unfolding of the race, as he who speaks. Would you have the stem insist on flowering all along from the earth to the topmost branch, instead of contenting itself with telling its history in a few blossoms, and those half-hid amid friendly leaves ?

AGLAURON. Well, even if it be so, what is the use of your giving an account of the great poem ? There it is ; all men can read it, according to their measure. It speaks for itself ; it has no need of you to speak for it ; at best you only write poetry into prose.

LAURIE. My reasons, O scornful Spartan, are three, and good, because founded in nature. Men are thus acquainted with the very existence of the work. The trumpet now goes before the lyre, or the crowd are not arrested by its tones. The bookseller's advertisement no more apprises them of the good that waits their call, than the announcement of the birth of a noble child draws a multitude to gaze on its early beauty. We tell our friends, when we have read a good book, that they may read it too ; and tell our reasons for liking it, as well as we can, that they may believe us.

AGLAURON. That might be done in a simple form without any attempt at criticising what, if it be indeed a poem, is sacred, or translating its thoughts into one's own prose.

LAURIE. The lower kind of criticism, which cavils, measures, and strives to limit the scope of an author, is, when honest, merely the struggle for self-recovery. A great mind has overshadowed us, taken away our breath, paralyzed our self-esteem by its easy mastery ; we strive to defy it, to get out of its range, that we may see it clearly, and settle its relations with ourselves. We say, ' you would make me believe, that you represent the universe ; you are imperial ; you conquer, you bind me ; what good to me is your empire, if I am a slave at your feet ? Better to me is a narrow life of my own, than passive reception of your vast life. You may have all ; but you must not be all to me. Let me find your limits ; let me draw a line from you to the centre ; you indicate it, but are not it. I must be freed from you, if I would know you.'

But as the cause of this is the weakness of individual character, it bears no fruit of permanent value ; it is only excusable as the means of progress. The only noble way is that of reproductive criticism. This is the natural echo of a fine and full tone ; it serves to show the poet that his music has its vibration ; that he is not alone in an exhausted receiver.

AGLAURON. The last I admit as a good way and a good reason. Now, which of the three is to fill that quire about "Festus?"

LAURIE. The first certainly. It is very difficult to get a copy of the work, and I wish curiosity enough might be excited to cause its republication. The last, too, is in my heart. For cavils and limitations there is no room ; they follow the *conscious* triumph of genius. Where the Delphian stands, proudly conscious of sending forth the unerring dart, this reaction may follow our involuntary burst of homage. But where, as in this "Festus," the poet wanders, pale, possessed by the Muse, through tangled wilds of invention, awed and filled, half-unwillingly divine, the work is not triumphant artist-work ; it does not dazzle us in the pride of the constructive faculty ; it is a simple growth and no more, and in no other wise likely to "alternate attraction and repulsion," than the tall forest or the heaving wave.

AGLAURON. In a hasty perusal of the book it did not seem to me so great. Why do you think it so great?

LAURIE. I shall answer you from its pages.

"Who can mistake great thoughts?

They seize upon the mind ; arrest, and search,
And shake it ; bow the tall soul as by wind ;
Rush over it like rivers over reeds,
Which quaver in the current ; turn us cold,
And pale, and voiceless ; leaving in the brain
A rocking and a ringing, — glorious,
But momentary ; madness might it last,
And close the soul with Heaven as with a seal."

AGLAURON. That passage has, indeed, a greatness, yet not untinged with — bombast.

LAURIE. You say so because you see the thought out of its natural relations.

AGLAURON. I should *not* say so, if I read a passage from Shakspeare or Milton out of its natural relations.

LAURIE. I admit it. This is no full and pregnant work of maturity, each line of which is a sounding line into the depths of a great life. You must know the atmosphere, the circumstances; you must look at it as a whole to appreciate parts, for much of its poetry is subjective, not universal, and it is the work of a boy, but a boy-giant.

AGLAURON. Why did he write, and on the only great theme too, of the soul's progress, prematurely, and therefore unworthily? Why not, like the great bards, let his great task glitter before him like a star, till he had grown tall enough to draw it down and wear it on his brow? Such haste is no mark of greatness. It is most of all unworthy in our age, where mushroom growths exhaust and deface the soil. It is the work of genius now to reprove haste by calm, patient, steady aspiration. Now, a man who has anything to say will be slower than ever to speak. These many-colored coats of glittering youth only get the wearer sold into the hands of the Egyptians. I must read you thereupon a passage left in my tablets by the diamond pen of one who practises on his own text.

"Who turns his riches into decoration,
To deck his glittering, motley coat withal,
The wealth that he can owe must be full small;
Little he knows what joy in contemplation
Of treasures the general may not know,
His own peculiar profit and possession,
That his own hand for his own use did fashion,
Plants that beneath his hand and eye did grow;
'T is such alone can give; the others only show."

LAURIE. All your censure would be just, if in this case the act of publication had its usual significance, that is, that the poet supposes he has now built a worthy monument of his life. Here nothing of the kind is implied. This book was indeed written with a pen, printed, and given to the world in the usual way; but it is as simply and transparently the expression of an era in the life, a mood in the mind, as if, like the holy books of the Jews, it were recorded in the hour of feeling, to be kept in the ark, secure from profane eyes, and only to be read to believers on days of solemn feasts. I know no book in our time so subordinated to nature. Do not consider it as

a book, as a work of art at all; but as a leaf from the book of life. His postscript gives a faithful account of what he has done.

"Read this, World? He who writes is dead to thee,
But still lives in these leaves. He spake inspired;
Night and day, thought came unhelped, undesired,
Like blood to his heart. The course of study he
Went through was of the soul-rack. The degree
He took was high; it was wise wretchedness.
He suffered perfectly, and gained no less
A prize than, in his own torn heart, to see
A few bright seeds; he sowed them — hoped them truth.
The autumn of that seed is in these pages.
God was with him; and bade old Time, to the youth,
Unclench his heart, and teach the Book of Ages."

AGLAURON. This does not remove my objection. Why give the "bright seeds," as seeds? Why not let them lie in the life and ripen in the fulness of time? It is that very fulness that the bard should utter or predict; yours gives us but a cloudy dawn, though a sun may be behind the clouds.

LAURIE. I pray thee forgive him at once, and take him from his own point of view, even if it be not the highest. I can see reasons in himself and his time why he has done what, nevertheless, you are not wrong in blaming.

This book is the first colossal sketch made by the youth upon the Isis veil, which hung before the mysteries of his eternal life. A corner of the veil was uplifted in reply, and strains of strange and solemn music answered to his thought. He felt commanded to impart to others what had caused the crisis in his own life. Beside, by writing down the facts and putting them from him in the shape of printed book, he made them stepping stones to the future. He put from him his fiery youth, and could look calmly at it.

Then he has no way profaned himself. His book with all its faults answers to the call of the age for a *sincere* book. It is as true as if it lay in his desk, a private journal, and will not be more in his way. It reminds us of the notion we get of a holy book from the way in which Michel Angelo's Persian Sibyl is reading. This one is worthy her devout intentness, for in its imperfections and beauties it is equally life, fluent, natural life; and surely the Sibyl

would find there a divine spell, for such is couched in every truly living form.

It answers the call for sincerity, and also that for homeliness, and for the majestic negligence of nature as opposed to artificial polish, and traditional graces. And here he has the merit, which scarce any other author possesses, of being as free from the pedantry of simplicity, as the tameness of convention. What Wordsworth strives to express by clothing his muse too obstinately in hoddan grey and clouted shoon; what the good Germans fancy they attain by washing the dishes before the reader they invite to dinner, he does and is without an effort; for, through all his young life, he has never wandered from the feet of nature, nor lost the sound of the lullaby to which she cradled his infancy. There is no faintest tinge of worldliness in his verse, neither obstinate ignoring of the great Babel man has reared upon the harmless earth. He perceives vice and wo, as he perceives the whirlpool and volcano, sure that there is a reason for their existence, since they are permitted by the central power which cannot err.

A friend says, "I think of the author of *Festus*, as an uncombed youth, standing on a high promontory, his hair blowing back in the wind; his eye ranging through all the wonders of sky and sea and land."

Look at him in this way, not as a man and an artist, but as a boy, though one of the deepest and most fervid nature, and also as a Seer, and you will appreciate the greatness of his poem, a sort of greatness which, if he had waited till a period when he might have made it more perfect, it would not have possessed. In boldness of conception, and in delicate touches of wild nature, wild passion, it is unsurpassed. It speaks from soul to soul; and claims the intervention of reflective intellect, almost as little as one of those luxuriant growths of popular genius, a Greek mythus.

Again, the work reminds me of the theory of the formation of the firmaments from nebulae. If you look steadily through a telescope of sufficient power, great part of the milky streak, that cleaves the blue of infinite space, is resolved into star-dust. Between, lie large tracts, which, at least to our vision, seem mere nebulae still. But we perceive in this universe, as a whole, a law

which, if it has not yet, will, in due time, evolve systems of exquisite harmony, manifold life, from the still flowing, floating, cloudlike mists.

AGLAURON. Well! I will use your telescope, and lay Milton and Dante on the shelf for to-day. I know the coral-reef is, in truth, as much a sculpture as the Jupiter of Phidias. You shall lecture to me on your poem, and I will write down what you say; thus shall we easily fill the quire of paper, and the beautiful afternoon with happy intercourse as well.

LAURIE. With all my heart. The blank sheets look formidable no longer, for, maugre all my faith in the public mind, I do confess, I am more easily drawn out by the private one, whose relations with mine are so established, that it can draw me up from deepest water, or bewildering quicksands, with one pull at the net of gold in which it holds so large a portion of my thoughts. I shall begin by making you copy extracts.

AGLAURON. I read best so; but deal more, I beg, with star-dust than the yet unresolved mists.

LAURIE. I do not know how the work was received in England; probably, if much spoken of, with the same bat-like indignation usual at the entrance of a new sunbeam on this diurnal sphere. But, in *Heraud's Monthly Magazine*, it was warmly praised, and the author answered by publishing in that periodical an "Additional Scene to Festus," from which I shall quote largely; for it speaks both of the poet and poesy better than any other could.

It is a conversation between the Student introduced in Festus, and Festus himself, (*redivivus*.)

"STUDENT.

When first and last we met, we talked on studies;
Poetry only I confess is mine,
And is the only thing I think or read of.

FESTUS.

But poetry is not confined to books,
For the creative spirit which thou seekest
Is in thee, and about thee; yea, it hath
God's every-where-ness.

STUDENT.

Truly it was for this
I sought to know thy thoughts, and hear the course

Thou wouldst lay out for one who longs to win
A name among the nations.

FESTUS.

First of all,
Care not about the name, but bind thyself,
Body and soul, to nature hiddenly ;
Lo, the great march of stars from earth to earth,
Through heaven. The earth speaks inwardly alone.
Let no man know thy business, save some friend,
A man of mind, above the run of men ;
For it is with all men and all things,
The bard must have a kind, courageous heart,
And natural chivalry to aid the weak.
He must believe the best of everything ;
Love all below, and worship all above.
All animals are living hieroglyphs.
The dashing dog, and stealthy-stepping cat,
Hawk, bull, and all that breathe, mean something more
To the true eye than their shapes show ; for all
Were made in love, and made to be beloved.
Thus must he think as to earth's lower life,
Who seeks to win the world to thought and love,
As doth the bard, whose habit is all kindness
To everything.

HELEN.

I love to hear of such,
Could we but think with the intensity
We love with, one might do great things."

He goes on to describe himself as if telling the story of
a friend.

• • • • •

"I mean not
To screen, but to describe this friend of mine.

STUDENT.

Where and when did he study ? Did he mix
Much with the world, or was he a recluse ?

FESTUS.

He had no times of study, and no place ;
All places and all times to him were one.
His soul was like the wind-harp, which he loved,
And sounded only when the spirit blew,
Sometime in feasts and follies, for he went
Life-like through all things ; and his thoughts then rose
Like sparkles in the bright wine, brighter still,
Sometimes in dreams, and then the shining words
Would wake him in the dark before his face.
All things talked thoughts to him. The sea went mad
To show his meaning ; and the awful sun

Thundered his thoughts into him ; and at night
 The stars would whisper theirs, the moon sigh hers,
 He spake the world's one tongue ; in earth and heaven
 There is but one, it is the word of truth.
 To him the eye let out its hidden meaning ;
 And young and old made their hearts over to him ;
And thoughts were told to him as unto none,
Save one who heareth, said and unsaid, all.

• • • • •
 All things were inspiration unto him,
 Wood, wold, hill, field, sea, city, solitude,
 And crowds, and streets, and man where'er he was,
 And the blue eye of God which is above us ;
 Brook-bounded pine spinnies, where spirits flit ;
 And haunted pits the rustic hurries by,
 Where cold wet ghosts sit ringing jingling bells ;
 Old orchards' leaf-roofed aisles, and red-cheeked load ;
 And the blood-colored tears which yew-trees weep
 O'er church-yard graves, like murderers remorseful,
 The dark green rings where fairies sit and sup,
 Crushing the violet dew in the acorn cup ;
 Where by his new-made bride the bridegroom sips
 The white moon shimmering on their longing lips ;
 The large, o'er-loaded, wealthy looking wains
 Quietly swaggering home through leafy lanes,
 Leaving on all low branches, as they come,
 Straws for the birds, ears of the harvest home ;
 He drew his light from that he was amidst,
 As doth a lamp from air which hath itself
 Matter of light although it show not. His
 Was but the power to light what might be lit.
 He met a muse in every lonely maid ;
 And learned a song from every lip he loved.
 But his heart ripened most 'neath southern eyes,
 Which sunned their sweets into him all day long,
 For fortune called him southward, towards the sun.

• • • • •
 We do not make our thoughts ; they grow in us
 Like grain in wood ; the growth is of the skies,
 Which are of nature, nature is of God.
 The world is full of glorious likenesses,
 The poet's power is to sort these out,
 And to make music from the common strings
 With which the world is strung ; to make the dumb
 Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw
 Life clear and sweet and harmless as spring water,
 Welling its way through flowers. Without faith,
 Illimitable faith, strong as a state's
 In its own might, in God, no bard can be.
 All things are signs of other and of nature.
 It is at night we see heaven moveth, and
 A darkness thick with suns ; the thoughts we think,
 Subsist the same in God, as stars in heaven,

And as those specks of light will prove great worlds,
 When we approach them sometime free from flesh,
 So too our thoughts will become magnified
 To mindlike things immortal. And as space
 Is but a property of God, wherein
 Is laid all matter, other attributes
 May be the infinite homes of mind and soul.

* * * * *

Love, mirth, woe, pleasure, was in turn his theme,
 And the great good which beauty does the soul,
 And the God-made necessity of things.
 And, like that noble knight in olden tale,
 Who changed his armor's hue at each fresh charge
 By virtue of his lady-love's strange ring,
 So that none knew him save his private page,
 And she who cried, God save him, every time
 He brake spears with the brave till he quelled all —
 So he applied him to all themes that came;
 Loving the most to breast the rapid deep,
 Where others had been drowned, and heeding nought
 Where danger might not fill the place of fame.
 And mid the magic circle of these sounds,
 His lyre rayed out, spell-bound himself he stood,
 Like a stilled storm. It is no task for suns
 To shine. He knew himself a bard ordained,
 More than inspired, of God inspirited,
 Making himself like an electric rod
 A lure for lightning feelings; and his words
 Felt like the things which fall in thunder, which
 The mind, when in a dark, hot, cloudful state;
 Doth make metallic, meteoric, ball-like.
 He spake to spirits with a spirit-tongue,
 Who came compelled by wizard word of truth,
 And rayed them round him from the ends of heaven;
 For, as be all bards, he was born of beauty,
 And with a natural fitness, to draw down
 All tones and shades of beauty to his soul,
 Even as the rainbow-tinted shell, which lies
 Miles deep at bottom of the sea, hath all
 Colors of skies, and flowers, and gems, and plumes,
 And all by nature, which doth reproduce
 Like loveliness in seeming opposites.
 Our life is like the wizard's charmed ring,
 Death's heads, and loathsome things fill up the ground;
 But spirits wing about, and wait on us,
 While yet the hour of enchantment is,
 And while we keep in, we are safe, and can
 Force them to do our bidding. And he raised
 The rebel in himself, and in his mind
 Walked with him through the world.

STUDENT.

He wrote of this?

He wrote a poem.

FESTUS.

STUDENT.

What was said of it?

FESTUS.

Oh, much was said — much more than understood ;
One said, that he was mad, another, wise ;
Another, wisely mad. The book is there,
Judge thou among them.

STUDENT.

Well ; but who said what ?

FESTUS.

Some said that he blasphemed, and these men lied
To all eternity, unless such men
Be saved, when God shall raise that lie from life,
And from His own eternal memory ;
But still the word is lied ; though it were writ
In honey-dew upon a lily-leaf,
With quill of nightingale, like love letters
From Oberon sent to the bright Titania,
Fairest of all the fays — for that he used
The name of God as spirits use it, barely,
Yet surely more sublime in nakedness,
Statuelike, than in a whole tongue of dress,
Thou knowest, God, that to the full of worship,
All things are worshipful ; and Thy great name,
In all its awful brevity, hath nought
Unholy breeding in it, but doth bless
Rather the tongue that utters it ; for me,
I ask no higher office than to fling
My spirit at my feet, and cry thy name
God ! through eternity. The man who sees
Irreverence in that name, must have been used
To take that name in vain, and the same man
Would see obscenity in pure white statues.
Call all things by their names. Hell, call thou Hell ;
Archangel, call Archangel ; and God, God.

HELEN.

There were some
Encouraged him with good will, surely ?

FESTUS.

Many.

The kind, the noble, and the able, cheered him ;
The lovely likewise : others knew he nought of.

STUDENT.

Take up the book and if thou understandest
Unfold it to me.

FESTUS.

What I can I will ;
Poetry is itself a thing of God ;
He made his prophets poets ; and the more
We feel of poetry, do we become
Like God in love and power.

STUDENT.

Under-makers.

FESTUS.

All great lays, equals to the minds of men,
Deal more or less with the Divine, and have
For end some good of mind or soul of man ;
The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's,
The wise man joins them here all in his power.
The high and holy works, amid lesser lays,
Stand up like churches among village cots ;
And it is joy to think that in every age,
However much the world was wrong therein,
The greatest works of mind or hand have been
Done unto God.

STUDENT.

So may they ever be ;
It shows the strength of wish we have to be great.

FESTUS.

It is not enough to draw forms fair and lively,
Their conduct likewise must be beautiful ;
A hearty holiness must crown the work,
As a gold cross the minster dome, and show,
Like that instonement of divinity,
That the whole building doth belong to God.
And for the book before us, though it were,
What it is not, supremely little, like
The needled angle of a high church spire,
Still its sole end is God the Father's glory,
From all eternity seen, making clear
His might and love in saving sinful man.
One bard shows God as He deals with states and kings ;
Another as he dealt with the first man ;
Another as with heaven, and earth, and hell ;
Ours writes God as He orders a chance soul,
Picked out of earth at hazard, like oneself,
It is a statued mind and naked heart
Which he strikes out. Other bards draw men dressed
In manners, customs, forms, appearances,
Laws, places, times, and countless accidents
Of peace or polity ; to him these are not ;

He makes no mention, no account of them;
 But shows, however great his doubts, sins, trials,
 Whatever earth-born pleasures soil his soul,
 What power soever he may gain of evil,
 That still, till death, time is; that God's great heaven
 Stands open day and night to man and spirit;
 For all are of the race of God, and have
 In themselves good. The life-writ of a heart
 Whose firmest prop and highest meaning was
 The hope of serving God as poet-priest,
 And the belief that he would not put back
 Love-offerings, though brought to Him by hands
 Unclean and earthy, even as fallen man's
 Must be; and, most of all, the thankful show
 Of his high power and goodness in redeeming
 And blessing souls which love him, spite of sin
 And their old earthy strain, these are the aims,
 The doctrines, truths, and staple of the story.
 What theme sublimer than soul being saved?
 'T is the bard's aim to show the mind-made world
 Without, within; how the soul stands with God,
 And the unseen realities about us;
 It is a view of life spiritual
 And earthly.

STUDENT.

Let us look upon it, then,
 In the same light it was drawn and colored in.

FESTUS.

Faith is a higher faculty than reason,
 Though of the brightest power of revelation,
 As the snow-peaked mountain rises o'er
 The lightning, and applies itself to heaven,
 We know in daytime there are stars about us
 Just as at night, and name them what and where
 By sight of science; so by faith we know,
 Although we may not see them till our night,
 That spirits are about us, and believe,
 That to a spirit's eye all heaven may be
 As full of angels as a beam of light
 Of motives. As spiritual, it shows all
 Classes of life, perhaps above our kind,
 Known to tradition, reason, or God's word.
 As earthly, it embodies most the life
 Of youth; its powers, its aims, its deeds, its failings!
 And, as a sketch of world-life, it begins
 And ends, and rightly, in heaven, and with God;
 While heaven is also in the midst thereof.
 God, or all good, the evil of the world,
 And man, wherein are both, are each displayed;
 The mortal is the model of all men.
 The foibles, follies, trials, sufferings

Of a young, hot, un-world-schooled heart, that has
 Had its own way in life, and wherein all
 May see some likeness of their own, 't is these
 Attract, unite, and, sunlike, concentrate
 The ever-moving system of our feeling;
 Like life, too, as a whole, it has a moral,
 And, as in life, each scene too has its moral,
 A scene for every year of his young life,
 Shining upon it, like the quiet moon,
 Illustrating the obscure, unequal earth:
 And though these scenes may seem to careless eyes
 Irregular and rough and unconnected,
 Like to the stones at Stonehenge, still an use,
 A meaning, and a purpose may be marked
 Among them of a temple reared to God,
 It has a plan, but no plot; life has none."

AGLAURON. Well; the plan is grand enough! and how far has it been fulfilled?

LAURIE. In the main, nobly.

The tendency of the poem is sublime, its execution vigorous, simple, even to negligence; but the majestic negligence of heroic forms. The page beams with thoughts; I say beams, rather than sparkles, because the lights are so full and frequent. The great thought of the poem, Evil the way to good; God glorified through sin and error, is inadequately expressed, and why?—Because the author, though in steadfast faith he follows its leading, sees, as yet, only glimmering or flashing lights. This is a constant source of disappointment. It is painful at last to find the mind, which seemed worthy to fathom the secretest caverns of this deep, content with superficial statement of the orthodox scheme of redemption through grace alone. We looked for deeper insight from such passages as these.

"There lacks
 In souls like thine, unsaved, and unexalted,
 The light within, the life of perfectness;
 Such as there is in Heaven. The soul hath sunk
 And perished, like a lighthouse in the sea;
 It is for God to raise it and rebuild.

Evil is
 Good in another way we are not skilled in.

The wildflower's tendril, proof of feebleness,
 Proves strength; and so we fling our feelings out,
 The tendrils of the heart to bear us up.

The price one pays for pride is mountain-high.
 There is a curse beyond the rack of death,
 A woe wherein God hath put out His strength,
 A pain past all the mad wretchedness we feel,
 When the sacred secret hath flown out of us,
 And the heart broken open by deep care,—
 The curse of a high spirit famishing,
 Because all earth but sickens it.

It is a fire of soul in which they burn,
 And by which they are purified from sin—
 Rid of the grossness that had gathered round them,
 And burned again into their virgin brightness;
 So that often the result of Hell is Heaven."

The force of these statements of faith, and the earnestness with which the problem of Redemption is proposed, lead us to expect far more philosophical insight as to the *how*, than we find. The poet, like other fine children, is wiser than he knows, and the splinters, which his almost random blows strike from the block of truth, suggest hopes of a far nobler edifice than he has taken the trouble to build.

From Goethe he has borrowed, what Goethe borrowed from the book of Job, the grand thought of a permitted temptation. Neither poet has gone deep into the thought, which so powerfully fixed their attention. Goethe has shown the benefits of deepening individual consciousness. The author of *Festus* dwells rather upon an all-enfolding love, which brings a peculiar flower from the slough of Despond. Neither author has given more than intimations of the truth, which both felt, rather than saw. But Goethe left his unfinished leaves loose, as they fell from his life; the more juvenile poet borrowed from the church a cover in which he bound them. I mean he has accepted too readily a vulgar statement of a grand mystery, partially true, or it would not have been so widely accepted by religious minds, partially false, because it neglects many processes, silences many requisitions of the soul.

AGLAURON. What could you expect from such a boy on heights where Angels bashful look?

LAURIE. Verily, Aglauron! it must be some boy-David, some lyrist in the first flush of a youth anointed by the Divine Love, that could give me any hope on a theme, where the Goliaths of intellect will always fail, for they are, in their need of heavy armor, Philistines.

But though our new friend fails in this respect, the poem has given him stuff for the introduction of any thought possible to man, and his range is very wide, and often through the highest region.

He has not experience enough to lead us into many of the paths known to older pilgrims. He speaks of man, as when he nestles too close to the bosom of mother earth, and loves her warm, damp breath, better than the free but chill breeze of the sea which sternly calls him. He tells of beauty, often too passionately pursued to be found as truth, of feverish alternations, languid defiance, and thoughts better loved in the chase than the attainment.

AGLAURON. What paths does he take?

LAURIE. Only those naturally known to his age. Woman's love, and speculation on the great themes.

AGLAURON. Had he loved long and well?

LAURIE. No! The beautiful vision named to us as Angela, who inhabits the planet Venus, and shines into his soul like a call to prayer, so that after the wild banquet scene his first thought is,

"Where is thy grave, my love?
I want to weep,
High as thou art this earth above,
My woe is deep,"

seems rather the ideal of a possible love, than one that had been symbolized by a tangible form, and daily breathing, receiving, pervaded the whole nature of the man with its proper life. Yet in the beautiful picture of her, which is one of the finest passages in the poem, are touches which speak not only of all love, but a love, and have a fragrance of the past, especially where he compares her to "a house-god."

"I loved her for that she was beautiful,
And that to me she seemed to be all nature
And all varieties of things in one;
Would set at night in clouds of tears; and rise
All light and laughter in the morning; fear
No petty customs nor appearances;
But think what others only dreamed about;
And say what others did but think; and do
What others would but say; and glory in
What others dared but do; it was these which won me;
And that she never schooled within her breast
One thought or feeling, but gave holiday

To all; and that she told me all her woes
And wrongs and ills; and so she made them mine
In the communion of love; and we
Grew like each other for we loved each other;
She, mild and generous as the sun in spring;
And I, like earth, all budding out with love.

* * * * *

The beautiful are never desolate;
For some one alway loves them; God or man.
If man abandons, God Himself takes them,
And thus it was. She whom I once loved died,
The lightning loathes its cloud; the soul its clay.
Can I forget that hand I took in mine,
Pale as pale violets; that eye, where mind
And matter met alike divine? ah, no!
May God that moment judge me when I do!
Oh! she was fair; her nature once all spring
And deadly beauty like a maiden sword;
Startlingly beautiful. I see her now!
Whatever thou art thy soul is in my mind;
Thy shadow hourly lengthens o'er my brain
And peoples all its pictures with thyself,
Gone, not forgotten; passed, not lost; thou wilt shine
In heaven like a bright spot in the sun!
She said she wished to die and so she died;
For, cloudlike, she poured out her love, which was
Her life, to freshen this parched heart. It was thus;
I said we were to part, but she said nothing;
There was no discord; it was music ceased;
Life's thrilling, bursting, bounding joy. She sate
Like a house-god, her hands fixed on her knee;
And her dank hair lay loose and long behind her,
Through which her wild bright eye flashed like a flint,
She spake not, moved not, but she looked the more;
As if her eye were action, speech, and feeling.
I felt it all, and came and knelt beside her,
The electric touch solved both our souls together;
Then comes the feeling which unmakes, undoes;
Which tears the sealike soul up by the roots
And lashes it in scorn against the skies.
Twice did I stamp to God, swearing, hand clenched,
That not even He nor death should tear her from me.
It is the saddest and the sorest night
One's own love weeping. But why call on God?
But that the feeling of the boundless bounds
All feeling! as the welkin doth the world.
It is this which ones us with the whole and God.
Then first we wept; then closed and clung together;
And my heart shook this building of my breast
Like a live engine booming up and down.
She fell upon me like a snow-wreath thawing.
Never were bliss and beauty, love and woe,
Ravelled and twined together into madness,

As in that one wild hour to which all else,
The past, is but a picture. That alone
Is real, and forever there in front,

After that I left her
And only saw her once again alive."

AGLAURON. I admire this as much as you can desire. I have rarely seen anything like this lavish splendor of beauty fresh from its source, combined with such exquisite touches of domestic feeling. The form and the essence are both manifest to the two-fold nature of the beholder. Usually the poet detains your attention too much on the beauty of the form, and the fondness it inspires, or else, rapt towards the Ideal, he makes the spirit shine too intensely through the form, so that it no more touches your human feelings, than would an alabaster mask.

But Festus has many other loves.

LAURIE. By this is merely indicated the easy yielding of a poetical nature to each beautiful influence in its kind. The poet, who wishes to weave his tapestry broad, and full of various figures, will not choose for his *motiv* a character either of the ascetic or heroical cast. Such cleave through the rest of the music with too piercing a tone, which obscures the meaning of the general harmony, and fix the attention too exclusively on their own story to let us contemplate on all sides the destiny of wider comprehension, figured in the motley page. Festus, like Faust and Wilhelm Meister, is so easily taken captive by the present, as to admit of its being brought fully before us. Had he conquered it at once, the whole poem would have been in the life of Festus himself; now it is the common tale of youth.

"He wrote of youth as passionate genius,
Its flights and follies; both its sensual ends
And common places. To behold an eagle
Batting the sunny ceiling of the world
With his dark wings, one well might deem his heart
On heaven; but no! it is fixed on flesh and blood,
And soon his talons tell it."

And though of any one of his loves Festus could say,

"When he hath had
A letter from his lady dear, he blessed
The paper that her hand had travelled over,
And her eye looked on, and would think he saw
Gleams of that light she lavished from her eyes.

Wandering amid the words of love she had traced
 Like glow-worms among beds of flowers. He seemed
 To bear with being but because she loved him,
 She was the sheath wherein his soul had rest,
 As hath a sword from war."

Yet with regard to *all* beauteous beings —

"He could not restrain his heart, but loved
 In that voluptuous purity of taste
 Which dwells on beauty coldly, and yet kindly,
 As night-dew, whensoever he met with beauty."

AGLAURON. I admit the wisdom of this course where, as in *Wilhelm Meister*, the aim is to suggest the various ways in which the whole nature may be educated through the experiences of this world. Were *Festus* throughout treated as

"A chance soul
 Picked out of earth at hazard,"

no farther expectation would be raised than is gratified in the *Meister*. But in both *Faust* and *Festus*, by leading a soul through various processes to final redemption, we are made to expect an indication of the steps through which man passes to spiritual purification, and here our author, notwithstanding his high devotional flight, disappoints us even more than Goethe. You smile; one must always expect to be ridiculed when addressing you *Æsthetics* from the moral point of view. Yet you cannot deny that the scope of his poem subjects your author to the same canon, by which we judge *Milton* and *Dante*.

LAURIE. I only smiled, *Aglauron*, at the unwonted air of candid timidity with which you propose your objection. I admit its force. I admire my poem, not for its coherence, or organic completeness, but for intimations and suggestions of the highest dignity.

The character of *Festus* has two fine leadings, the delicate sense of beauty which causes these many loves, and the steadfast, fearless faith, which, if it does not always direct, never forsakes him. The golden thread of the former is shown distinctly where he speaks of *Clara*.

"Happy as heaven have I been with thee, love,
 Thine innocent heart hath passed through a pure life,
 Like a white dove, sun-tipped through the blue sky.
 A better heart God never saved in Heaven.
 She died as all the good die — blessing — hoping.
 There are some hearts, aloe-like, flower once, and die;
 And hers was of them."

In this, as in many other passages, it is shown how the sensibility to beauty, as distinguished from the desire of appropriating it, must always, even in error and excess, have a power to sweeten and hallow. It is thus that sentimental, as distinguished from noble beings, often disarm us, just as we are despising them.

The aspiration, which directs the course of Festus, with magnetic leading, through all the various obstructions, is shown, in the scene laid in Heaven, by his resolve, not to be shaken by threats from the démon or the dissuasions of angels, to look on God. The thoughts which are to enlighten his cloudy fatalism beam through the gentle pleadings of his mother's spirit.

"FESTUS. Scene, Heaven.

Eternal fountain of the Infinite,
On whose life-tide the stars seem strown like bubbles,
Forgive me that an atomie of being
Hath sought to see its Maker face to face.
I have seen all Thy works and wonders, passed
From star to star and space to space, and feel
That to see all which can be seen is nothing,
And not to look on Thee, the invisible;
The spirits that I met all seemed to say,
As on they sped upon their starward course,
And slackened their lightening wings one moment o'er me,
I could not look on God, whatever I was,
And thou didst give this spirit at my side
Power to make me more than them immortal;
So when we had winged through thy wide world of things,
And seen stars made and saved, destroyed and judged,
I said — and trembled lest thou shouldst not hear me,
And make thyself right ready to forgive —
I will see God, before I die, in Heaven.
Forgive me, God!

GOD.

Rise, mortal! look on me.

FESTUS.

Oh! I see nothing but like dazzling darkness."

He then, overwhelmed, is given to the care of the Genius of his life.

"FESTUS.

Will God forgive
That I did long to see him.

It yet hath to be saved. God is all-kind;
 And long time hath he made thee think of Him;
 Think of Him yet in time! Ere I left earth,
 With the last breath that air would spare for me,
 And the last look which light would bless me with,
 I prayed thou might'st be happy and be wise,
 And half the prayer I brought myself to God;
 And lo! thou art unhappy and unwise.

FESTUS.

I am glad I suffer for my faults;
 I would not, if I might, be bad and happy.

God hath made but few better hearts than mine,
 However much it fail in the wise ways
 Of the world, as living in the dull dark streets
 Of forms and follies which men brick themselves in.

ANGEL.

The goodness of the heart is shown in deeds
 Of peacefulness and kindness. Hand and heart
 Are one thing with the good, as thou shouldst be.
 Do my words trouble thee? then treasure them.
 Pain overgot gives peace, as death does Heaven.
 All things that speak of Heaven speak of peace.
 Peace hath more might than war; high brows are calm;
 Great thoughts are still as stars; and truths, like suns,
 Stir not, but many systems tend around them.
 Mind's step is still as Death's; and all great things
 Which cannot be controlled, whose end is good."

In these passages we see the truth of what the Genius
 of his life says to Festus.

"I am never seen
 In the earth's low, thick light, but here in Heaven
 And in the air which God breathes I am clear."

And, again, are reminded of what is said in the "Additional Scene."

"Thus have I shown the meaning of the book
 And the most truthful likeness of a mind,
 Which hath, as yet been limned, the mind of youth
 In strengths and failings, in its over-comings,
 And in its short-comings; the kingly ends,
 The universalizing heart of youth;
 Its love of power, heed not how had, although
 With surety of self-ruin at the end;
 * * * some cried out,
 'T was inconsistent; so 't was meant to be.
 Such is the very stamp of youth and nature;
 And the continual losing sight of its aims,

And the desertion of its most expressed,
And dearest rules and objects, this is youth."

The poor Student, naturally enough replies,

"I look on life as keeping me from God,
Stars, heaven, and angels' bosoms."

AGLAURON. I feel in these passages the fault which I have heard attributed to the poem, a want of melody and full-toned rhythm.

LAURIE. I will once more *defend the poet in his own words.

"Write to the mind and heart, and let the ear
Glean after what it can. The voice of great
And graceful thoughts is sweeter far than all
Word-music."

Yet admitting the force of this, and that he has chosen the better part, in an age which deals too much in the pleasures of mere sound, and had rather be lulled to dreams by borrowed and meretricious melodies, than roused by a rude burst of thought, we must add, the *great* poet will be great in both, sense and sound. His verses flow about oftentimes as negligent and sere as autumn-leaves upon the stream. His melodies, when sweetest, want fulness; they are not modulated on the full-sounding chords of the lyre, but on the imperfect stops of Pan's pipe. Yet they have wild charms of their own, a child-like pathos derived from pure iteration of the cadences of nature, that reminds us of passages in the Old Testament, and makes the full-wrought sweeping verse look stiff and brocaded beside its simple Pythian haste.

I hear in this verse the tones of waves and breezes, the rustling of leaves and the pleading softness of childhood. Single phrases are far more powerful than their meaning would indicate, for a throb is felt of the heart, too youthful to be conscious. It is a charm, like the outline of the half-developed form, that borrows its beauty from imperfection, the beauty of promise, as where he calls his love

"My one blue break in the sky."

or

"The more thou passest me the more I love thee,
As the robin our winter window-guest,
The colder the weather, the warmer his breast ;"

or

"The hawk hath dreamt him thrice of wings
Wide as the skies he may not cleave;
But waking, feels them clipt, and clings
Mad to the perch 't were mad to leave.

* * * * *

I have turned to thee, moon, from the glance,
That in triumphing coldness was given;
And rejoiced as I viewed thee all lonely advance,
There was something was lonely in heaven.
I have turned to thee, moon, as I lay
In thy silent and saddening brightness;
And rejoiced as high heaven went shining away,
That the heart had its desolate lightness."

or

"The holy quiet of the skies
May waken well the blush of shame,
Whene'er we think that thither lies
The heaven we heed not — ought not name.
Oh, Heaven! let down thy cloudy lids,
And close thy thousand eyes;
For each, in burning glances, bids
The wicked fool be wise."

AGLAURON. I recall a host of such passages. But I think their charm is not so much in the melody as in the picture they present, the personalities of look and gesture they bring before the mind. It is like the repetition of some fine phrase by a child, the unexpectedness of the tone and gesture makes it striking.

LAURIE. It may be so! I admit there is nothing that will bear a critical analysis. Yet beside this pathetic beauty of tones and cadences, there are passages that indicate a capacity for what may be more strictly styled music, as in the song of the Gipsy Girl. I wish I could quote it.

AGLAURON. The quire is almost filled already.

LAURIE. Well! the extracts speak for themselves without much aid of mine. Yet I wish to say a few words of his powerful conception of two actors on the strange ethereal scene.

The Son of God, as Redeemer, as Mediator, is more worthily conceived by this believing heart than by almost any before. Such beseeching tenderness, such celestial compassion is seen in one or two of Raphael's heads of the

Christ, is prophesied by one of the angels who announces the birth of a Saviour of mankind to his Four Sibyls. Such tones are breathed by Herbert's Muse.

"ANGEL OF EARTH.

To me earth is
Even as the boundless universe to thee ;
Nay, more ; for thou couldst make another. It is
My world ; take it not from me, Lord ! Thou Christ
Mad'st it the altar, where thou offeredst up
Thyself for the creation ! Let it be
Immortal as Thy love ;

Oh I have heard
World question world and answer ; seen them weep
Each other if eclipsed for one red hour ;
And of all worlds most generous was mine,
The tenderest and the fairest.

LUCIFER.

Knowest thou not
God's Son to be the brother and the friend
Of spirit everywhere ? Or hath thy soul
Been bound forever to thy foolish world ?

SON OF GOD.

Think not I lived and died for thine alone,
And that no other sphere hath hailed me Christ ;
My life is ever suffering for love.
In judging and redeeming worlds is spent
Mine everlasting being."

Nay, among the very fiends.

"FESTUS.

Look ! who comes hither ?

LUCIFER.

It is the Son of God !
What dost thou here not having sinned ?

SON OF GOD.

For men
I bore with death — for fiends I bear with sin,
And death and sin are each the pain I pay
For the love which brought me down from heaven to save
Both men and devils ; and if I have sinned,
It is but in wishing what can never be —
That all souls may be saved ; for it is wrong
To wish what is not ; as the Father makes
And orders every instant what is best.

FESTUS.

This is God's truth ; Hell feels a moment cool.

SON OF GOD.

Hell is His justice — Heaven is His love —
 Earth His long-suffering; all the world is but
 A quality of God; therefore come I
 To temper these — to give to justice, mercy;
 And to long-suffering, longer. Heaven is mine
 By birthright. Lo! I am the heir of God;
 He hath given all things to me. I have made
 The earth mine own, and all yon countless worlds,
 And all the souls therein; yea, soul by soul,
 And world by world, have I redeemed them all —
 One by one through eternity, or given
 The means of their salvation.

* * * *

These souls

Whom I see here, and pity for their woes —
 But for their evil more — these need not be
 Inhelled forever; for although once, twice, thrice,
 On earth or here they may have put God from them —
 Disowned his prophets — mocked his angels — slain
 His Son in his mortality — and stormed
 His curses back to Him; yet God is such,
 That He can pity still; and I can suffer
 For them, and save them. Father! I fear not,
 But by thy might I can save Hell from Hell.
 Fiends! hear ye me! Why will ye burn forever?
 Look! I am here all water; come and drink,
 And bathe in me! baptize your burning souls
 In the pure well of life — the spring of God,
 I come to save all souls that will be saved.
 Come, ye immortal fallen! rise again!
 There is a resurrection for the dead,
 And for the second dead.

* * * *

A FIEND.

Thou Son of God! what wilt thou here with us?
 Have we not Hell enough without thy presence?
 Remorse, and always strife, and hate of all;
 I see around me; is it not enough?
 Why wilt thou double it with thy mild eyes?

SON OF GOD.

Spirit! I come to save thee.

FIEND.

How can that be?

SON OF GOD.

Repent! God will forgive thee then; and I
 Will save thee; and the Holy One shall hallow."

Surely the mystery of the Trinity never yet was uttered
 in so sweet and pathetic a tone.

AGLAURON. Does he construe it spiritually?

LAURIE. Spiritually, if not in the spirit of profound philosophy.

The other powerful conception is that of the Demon, the rebel in the heart, the Lucifer. This is in perfect harmony with his great thought, which, as I said before, he has not been successful in bringing out, of evil the way to good.

AGLAURON. A thought to whose greatness how few are equal! While one party would ignore and annihilate by denial the soil from which we grow, others, again, lie too near the ground, ever trailing along its surface their languid leaves, and forget that it must be penetrated with the divine rays to be transmuted into beauty and glory. How much we need a great thinker who shall reconcile these two statements! Does the poet prophesy such an one?

LAURIE. He does by his fulness of faith, that what we call evil is permitted, that nothing can exist an instant which contradicts divine law. But his intimations have the beauty of sentiment only; he has not thought deeply on the subject. He understands, but does not illustrate what was so profoundly said of the joy in heaven over him who repenteth, and worships rather than interprets the divine Love. His Lucifer, however, shows the searching tendency of his nature more than anything in the poem. The demon of the man of Uz; the facetious familiar of Luther, cracking nuts on the bed-posts, put to flight by hurling an ink-horn; the haughty Satan of Milton, whose force of will is a match for all but Omnipotence; the sorrowful satire of Byron's tempter; the cold polished irony of Goethe's Mephistopheles; all mark with admirable precision the state of the age and the mental position of the writer. Man tells his aspiration in his God; but in his demon he shows his depth of experience, and casts light into the cavern through which he worked his course up to the cheerful day.

The demon of Festus finds its parallel in a deep thought of the Hindoo Mythology, its symbol in the fabulous dragon of a poetic age. The dragon is the symbol of loneliness. It guards the hidden treasures. It must live and do its office, else they would not be accumulated in

the silent caverns ; it must at last be slain by some knight of the pure faith, else they can never be revealed for the use of the world.

The fault of this soul is, that its love and purity are not equal to its involuntary faith. Festus is not tempted through pride, but through coldness of purpose, instability of nature, an isolation of his particular being, hopes, and aims, from the great stream of life. The rebel comes to him, too calmly grand for deceit like that of Milton's demon, or sarcastic impudence like that of Goethe's.

"LUCIFER.

I knew thy proud high heart
To test its worth and mark I held it brave,
In shape and being thus myself I came ;
Not in disguise of opportunity ;
Not as some silly toy which serves for most ;
Not in the mask of lucre, lust, nor power ;
Not in a goblin size nor cherub form ;
But as the soul of Hell and Evil came I
With leave to give the kingdom of the world ;
The freedom of thyself."

How penetrating his expression of the cold isolation which arises from want of a *living* faith.

"It is not for me to know, nor thee, the end
Of evil. I inflict and thou must bear,
The arrow knoweth not its end and aim ;
And I keep rushing, ruining along
Like a great river rich with dead men's souls ;
For if I knew I might rejoice ; and that
To me by nature is forbidden. I know
Nor joy nor sorrow ; but a changeless tone
Of sadness like the nightwind's is the strain
Of what I have of feeling. I am not
As other spirits ; but a solitude
Even to myself ; I the sole spirit sole.

* * * *

Mortality is mine ; the green
Unripened Universe. But as the fruit
Matures, and, world by world drops mellowed off
The wrinkling stalk of time, as thine own race
Hath seen of stars now vanished ; all is hid
From me. My part is done. What after comes
I know not more than thou."

When preaching to the multitude he shows the practical working of his mood.

"LUCIFER.

I am a preacher come to tell ye truth.
 I tell ye too there is no time to be lost ;
 So fold your souls up neatly, while ye may ;
 Direct to God in Heaven ; or some one else
 May seize them, seal them, send them — you know where."

The ebb and flow in the life of the youth Festus, which gives the demon opportunity to rise upon the waters, are represented in the following passages.

"Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths ;
 Though many, yet they help not ; bright, they light not.
 They are too late to serve us ; and sad things
 Are aye too true. We never see the stars
 Till we can see nought but them. So with truth.
 And yet if one would look down a deep well,
 Even at noon ; we might see these same stars,
 Far fairer than the blinding blue ; the truth
 Stars in the water like a dark bright eye,
 But there are other eyes men better love
 Than truth's, for when we have her she is so cold
 And proud, we know not what to do with her.

Sometimes the thought comes swiftening over us,
 Like a small bird winging the still blue air,
 And then again at other times it rises
 Slow, like a cloud which scales the skies all breathless,
 And just over head lets itself down on us.
 Sometimes we feel the wish across the mind
 Rush, like a rocket roaring up the sky,
 That we should join with God and give the world
 The go-bye ; but the world meantime turns round,
 And peeps us in the face ; the wanton world ;
 We feel it gently pressing down our arm,
 The arm we had raised to do for truth such wonders ;
 We feel it softly bearing on our side ;
 We feel it touch and thrill us through the body ;
 And we are fools and there's an end of us."

These are fine glimpses, and such openings into the sky promise a look out into infinity. But our author is not yet of imagination all compact. He does not degrade his thought ; but he does not sustain it. With master's hand he strikes out the outline, but cannot, with skill equal to his force, recreate in anatomical perfection the entire body. Throughout the poem, the Lucifer does not grow upon you, does not more deeply disclose its secret. The thought of making him love, and then give up his love to Festus, is so fine, that we are disappointed that nothing more is

elicited from it than splendid passages in the scenes, which are overflowed by the "golden, gorgeous loveliness" of Elissa, whose eyes of "soft wet fire" do indeed closely encounter our own.

AGLAURON. Yet, as we look over the portfolio of bold crayon sketches, ragged, half-finished, half-effaced; the poem of great opportunities, thrown heedless by, is more impressive than the achievement of any one great deed.

LAURIE. That is not in accordance with your usual way of thinking.

AGLAURON. No! but I begin to feel the starlight nights shining, and the great waves rushing through the page of this author, and agree that he can only be judged in your way.

LAURIE. A conquest this, indeed! and I, on my side, will admit that, if you are sometimes too severe from looking only at the performance, I am too indulgent from taking into view the whole life of the man. Yet, as you, Aglauron, are in no danger of ceasing to demand excellence, your concession to the side of sympathy pleases me well.

My poet, negligently reclining, lost in reverie, soiled and torn by long rambles, charms my fancy, as the little fisher boys I have seen, half listlessly gazing on the great deep, seem to my eye, in their ragged garb and weather-stained features, more poetically fair, more part and parcel of nature's great song, than the young and noble minstrel, tuning his lute in the princely bower, for tale select, or dainty madrigal.

AGLAURON. To return to your Lucifer; let us observe how the thought has deepened in the mind of man. If we compare the Mephistopheles and Lucifer with the buskined devil of the mob, the goblin with cloven foot and tail, we realize the vast development of inward life. What a step from slavish fears of outward injury or retribution, to representations, like these, of inward dangers, the pitfalls, and fearful dens within our nature. And he who thoughtfully sees the danger begins already to subdue.

LAURIE. The poet, my friend, the poet, ah! he is indeed the only friend, and gives us for brief intervals an Olympic game, instead of the seemingly aimless contests

that fill the years between. Yet that they are only *seemingly* aimless his fulfilment shows. We date from such periods, where we saw the crown on worthy brows. We cannot adjudge the palm to the aspirant before us, yet will not many thoughts and those of sacred import take birth from this hour? We have not criticized; we have lived with him.

AGLAURON. And shall we not meet him again?

LAURIE. He forbids us to expect it. But a mind, which has poured itself forth so fully, and we must add so prematurely, claims seclusion to win back "the sacred secret that has flown out of it." Its utterance has made it realize its infinite wants so deeply, that ages of silence seem requisite to satisfy in any degree the need of repose and undisturbed growth. But the reactions of nature are speedy beyond promise. Who, that paces for the first time a strand from which the tide has ebbed, and sees the forlornness of the forsaken rocks, and the rejected shells and seaweed strown negligently along, could find in the low murmur of the unrepenting waves any promise of return; yet to-morrow will see them return, to claim the forgotten spoils, and clothe in joy and power every crevice of the desolate shore. So with our poet! Here or elsewhere we must meet again.

AGLAURON. He says,

"The world is all in sects, which makes one loathe it."

LAURIE. It claims the more aid from the poet "wont to make, unite, believe." He says too of Festus, in the "Additional Scene,"

"Like the burning peak he fell
Into himself, and was missing ever after."

But we do not believe that the internal heat has been exhausted by one outbreak, and must look for another, if not of higher aim, yet of more thorough fulfilment, and more perfect beauty.

m. Fuller

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

WE sometimes meet in a stage coach in New England an erect muscular man, with fresh complexion and a smooth hat, whose nervous speech instantly betrays the English traveller; — a man nowise cautious to conceal his name or that of his native country, or his very slight esteem for the persons and the country that surround him. When Mr. Bull rides in an American coach, he speaks quick and strong, he is very ready to confess his ignorance of everything about him, persons, manners, customs, politics, geography. He wonders that the Americans should build with wood, whilst all this stone is lying in the roadside, and is astonished to learn that a wooden house may last a hundred years; nor will he remember the fact as many minutes after it has been told him; he wonders they do not make elder-wine and cherry-bounce, since here are cherries, and every mile is crammed with elder bushes. He has never seen a good horse in America, nor a good coach, nor a good inn. Here is very good earth and water, and plenty of them, — that he is free to allow, — to all other gifts of nature or man, his eyes are sealed by the inexorable demand for the precise conveniences to which he is accustomed in England. Add to this proud blindness the better quality of great downrightness in speaking the truth, and the love of fair play, on all occasions, and, moreover, the peculiarity which is alleged of the Englishman, that his virtues do not come out until he quarrels. Transfer these traits to a very elegant and accomplished mind, and we shall have no bad picture of Walter Savage Landor, who may stand as a favorable impersonation of the genius of his countrymen at the present day. A sharp dogmatic man with a great deal of knowledge, a great deal of worth, and a great deal of pride, with a profound contempt for all that he does not understand, a master of all elegant learning and capable of the utmost delicacy of sentiment, and yet prone to indulge a sort of ostentation of coarse imagery and language. His partialities and dislikes are by no means calculable, but are often whimsical and amusing; yet they are quite sincere, and, like those of Johnson and Coleridge, are easily separable from the man.

What he says of Wordsworth, is true of himself, that he delights to throw a clod of dirt on the table, and cry, "Gentlemen, there is a better man than all of you." Bolivar, Mina, and General Jackson will never be greater soldiers than Napoleon and Alexander, let Mr. Landor think as he will; nor will he persuade us to burn Plato and Xenophon, out of our admiration of Bishop Patrick, or "Lucas on Happiness," or "Lucas on Holiness," or even Barrow's Sermons. Yet a man may love a paradox, without losing either his wit or his honesty. A less pardonable eccentricity is the cold and gratuitous obtrusion of licentious images, not so much the suggestion of merriment as of bitterness. Montaigne assigns as a reason for his license of speech, that he is tired of seeing his Essays on the work-tables of ladies, and he is determined they shall for the future put them out of sight. In Mr. Landor's coarseness there is a certain air of defiance; and the rude word seems sometimes to arise from a disgust at niceness and over-refinement. Before a well-dressed company he plunges his fingers in a sess-pool, as if to expose the whiteness of his hands and the jewels of his ring. Afterward, he washes them in water, he washes them in wine; but you are never secure from his freaks. A sort of Earl Peterborough in literature, his eccentricity is too decided not to have diminished his greatness. He has capital enough to have furnished the brain of fifty stock authors, yet has written no good book.

But we have spoken all our discontent. Possibly his writings are open to harsher censure; but we love the man from sympathy, as well as for reasons to be assigned; and have no wish, if we were able, to put an argument in the mouth of his critics. Now for twenty years we have still found the "Imaginary Conversations" a sure resource in solitude, and it seems to us as original in its form as in its matter. Nay, when we remember his rich and ample page, wherein we are always sure to find free and sustained thought, a keen and precise understanding, an affluent and ready memory familiar with all chosen books, an industrious observation in every department of life, an experience to which nothing has occurred in vain, honor for every just and generous sentiment, and a scourge like that of the Furies for every oppressor, whether public or private, we

feel how dignified is this perpetual Censor in his curule chair, and we wish to thank a benefactor of the reading world.

Mr. Landor is one of the foremost of that small class who make good in the nineteenth century the claims of pure literature. In these busy days of avarice and ambition, when there is so little disposition to profound thought, or to any but the most superficial intellectual entertainments, a faithful scholar receiving from past ages the treasures of wit, and enlarging them by his own love, is a friend and consoler of mankind. When we pronounce the names of Homer and *Æschylus*, — Horace, Ovid, and Plutarch, — Erasmus, Scaliger, and Montaigne, — Ben Jonson and Isaak Walton, — Dryden and Pope, — we pass at once out of trivial associations, and enter into a region of the purest pleasure accessible to human nature. We have quitted all beneath the moon, and entered that crystal sphere in which everything in the world of matter reappears, but transfigured and immortal. Literature is the effort of man to indemnify himself for the wrongs of his condition. The existence of the poorest play-wright and the humblest scrivener is a good omen. A charm attaches to the most inferior names which have in any manner got themselves enrolled in the registers of the House of Fame, even as porters and grooms in the courts, to Creech and Fenton, Theobald and Dennis, Aubrey and Spence. From the moment of entering a library and opening a desired book, we cease to be citizens, creditors, debtors, housekeepers, and men of care and fear. What boundless leisure ! what original jurisdiction ! the old constellations have set, new and brighter have arisen ; an elysian light tinges all objects.

“ In the afternoon we came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.”

And this sweet asylum of an intellectual life must appear to have the sanction of nature, as long as so many men are born with so decided an aptitude for reading and writing. Let us thankfully allow every faculty and art which opens new scope to a life so confined as ours. There are vast spaces in a thought ; a slave, to whom the religious sentiment is opened, has a freedom which makes

his master's freedom a slavery. Let us not be so illiberal with our schemes for the renovation of society and nature, as to disesteem or deny the literary spirit. Certainly there are heights in nature which command this; there are many more which this commands. It is vain to call it a luxury, and as saints and reformers are apt to do, decry it as a species of day-dreaming. What else are sanctities, and reforms, and all other things? Whatever can make for itself an element, means, organs, servants, and the most profound and permanent existence in the hearts and heads of millions of men, must have a reason for its being. Its excellency is reason and vindication enough. If rhyme rejoices us, there should be rhyme, as much as if fire cheers us, we should bring wood and coals. Each kind of excellence takes place for its hour, and excludes everything else. Do not brag of your actions, as if they were better than Homer's verses or Raphael's pictures. Raphael and Homer feel that action is pitiful beside their enchantments. They could act too, if the stake was worthy of them; but now all that is good in the universe urges them to their task. Whoever writes for the love of truth and beauty, and not with ulterior ends, belongs to this sacred class, and among these, few men of the present age, have a better claim to be numbered than Mr. Landor. Wherever genius or taste has existed, wherever freedom and justice are threatened, which he values as the element in which genius may work, his interest is sure to be commanded. His love of beauty is passionate, and betrays itself in all petulant and contemptuous expressions.

But beyond his delight in genius, and his love of individual and civil liberty, Mr. Landor has a perception that is much more rare, the appreciation of character. This is the more remarkable considered with his intense nationality, to which we have already alluded. He is buttoned in English broadcloth to the chin. He hates the Austrians, the Italians, the French, the Scotch, and the Irish. He has the common prejudices of an English landholder; values his pedigree, his acres, and the syllables of his name; loves all his advantages, is not insensible to the beauty of his watchseal, or the Turk's head on his umbrella; yet with all this miscellaneous pride, there is a noble nature within him, which instructs him that he is so

rich that he can well spare all his trappings, and, leaving to others the painting of circumstance, aspire to the office of delineating character. He draws his own portrait in the costume of a village schoolmaster, and a sailor, and serenely enjoys the victory of nature over fortune. Not only the elaborated story of *Normanby*, but the whimsical selection of his heads prove this taste. He draws with evident pleasure the portrait of a man, who never said anything right, and never did anything wrong. But in the character of *Pericles*, he has found full play for beauty and greatness of behavior, where the circumstances are in harmony with the man. These portraits, though mere sketches, must be valued as attempts in the very highest kind of narrative, which not only has very few examples to exhibit of any success, but very few competitors in the attempt. The word *Character* is in all mouths; it is a force which we all feel; yet who has analyzed it? What is the nature of that subtle, and majestic principle which attaches us to a few persons, not so much by personal as by the most spiritual ties? What is the quality of the persons who, without being public men, or literary men, or rich men, or active men, or (in the popular sense) religious men, have a certain salutary omnipresence in all our life's history, almost giving their own quality to the atmosphere and the landscape? A moral force, yet wholly unmindful of creed and catechism, intellectual, but scornful of books, it works directly and without means, and though it may be resisted at any time, yet resistance to it is a suicide. For the person who stands in this lofty relation to his fellow men is always the impersonation to them of their conscience. It is a sufficient proof of the extreme delicacy of this element, evanescing before any but the most sympathetic vision, that it has so seldom been employed in the drama and in novels. Mr. Landor, almost alone among living English writers, has indicated his perception of it.

These merits make Mr. Landor's position in the republic of letters one of great mark and dignity. He exercises with a grandeur of spirit the office of writer, and carries it with an air of old and unquestionable nobility. We do not recollect an example of more complete independence in literary history. He has no clan-ship, no friendships,

that warp him. He was one of the first to pronounce Wordsworth the great poet of the age, yet he discriminates his faults with the greater freedom. He loves Pindar, Æschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, Demosthenes, Virgil, yet with open eyes. His position is by no means the highest in literature; he is not a poet or a philosopher. He is a man full of thoughts, but not, like Coleridge, a man of ideas. Only from a mind conversant with the First Philosophy can definitions be expected. Coleridge has contributed many valuable ones to modern literature. Mr. Landor's definitions are only enumerations of particulars; the generic law is not seized. But as it is not from the highest Alps or Andes, but from less elevated summits, that the most attractive landscape is commanded, so is Mr. Landor the most useful and agreeable of critics. He has commented on a wide variety of writers, with a closeness and an extent of view, which has enhanced the value of those authors to his readers. His Dialogue on the Epicurean philosophy is a theory of the genius of Epicurus. The Dialogue between Barrow and Newton is the best of all criticisms on the Essays of Bacon. His picture of Demosthenes in three several Dialogues is new and adequate. He has illustrated the genius of Homer, Æschylus, Pindar, Euripides, Thucydides. Then he has examined before he expatiated, and the minuteness of his verbal criticism gives a confidence in his fidelity, when he speaks the language of meditation or of passion. His acquaintance with the English tongue is unsurpassed. He "hates false words, and seeks with care, difficulty, and moroseness, those that fit the thing." He knows the value of his own words. "They are not," he says, "written on slate." He never stoops to explanation, nor uses seven words where one will do. He is a master of condensation and suppression, and that in no vulgar way. He knows the wide difference between compression and an obscure elliptical style. The dense writer has yet ample room and choice of phrase, and even a gamesome mood often between his valid words. There is no inadequacy or disagreeable contraction in his sentence, any more than in a human face, where in a square space of a few inches is found room for every possible variety of expression.

Yet it is not as an artist, that Mr. Landor commends

himself to us. He is not epic or dramatic, he has not the high, overpowering method, by which the master gives unity and integrity to a work of many parts. He is too wilful, and never abandons himself to his genius. His books are a strange mixture of politics, etymology, allegory, sentiment, and personal history, and what skill of transition he may possess is superficial, not spiritual. His merit must rest at last, not on the spirit of the dialogue, or the symmetry of any of his historical portraits, but on the value of his sentences. Many of these will secure their own immortality in English literature; and this, rightly considered, is no mean merit. These are not plants and animals, but the genetical atoms, of which both are composed. All our great debt to the oriental world is of this kind, not utensils and statues of the precious metal, but bullion and gold dust. Of many of Mr. Landor's sentences we are fain to remember what was said of those of Socrates, that they are cubes, which will stand firm, place them how or where you will.

We will enrich our pages with a few paragraphs, which we hastily select from such of Mr. Landor's volumes as lie on our table.

"The great man is he who hath nothing to fear and nothing to hope from another. It is he, who, while he demonstrates the iniquity of the laws, and is able to correct them, obeys them peaceably. It is he who looks on the ambitious, both as weak and fraudulent. It is he who hath no disposition or occasion for any kind of deceit, no reason for being or for appearing different from what he is. It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him. . . . Him I would call the powerful man who controls the storms of his mind, and turns to good account the worst accidents of his fortune. The great man, I was going on to show thee, is somewhat more. He must be able to do this, and he must have that intellect which puts into motion the intellect of others."

"All titulars else must be produced by others; a knight by a knight, a peer by a King, while a gentleman is self-existent."

"Critics talk most about the *visible* in sublimity. . . the Jupiter, the Neptune. Magnitude and power are sublime, but in the second degree, managed as they may be. Where the

heart is not shaken, the gods thunder and stride in vain. True sublimity is the perfection of the pathetic, which has other sources than pity; generosity, for instance, and self-devotion. When the generous and self-devoted man suffers, there comes Pity; the basis of the sublime is then above the water, and the poet, with or without the gods, can elevate it above the skies. Terror is but the relic of a childish feeling; pity is not given to children. So said he; I know not whether rightly, for the wisest differ on poetry, the knowledge of which, like other most important truths, seems to be reserved for a purer state of sensation and existence."

"O Cyrus, I have observed that the authors of good make men very bad as often as they talk much about them."

"The habit of haranguing is in itself pernicious; I have known even the conscientious and pious, the humane and liberal dried up by it into egoism and vanity, and have watched the mind, growing black and rancid in its own smoke."

GLORY.

"Glory is a light which shines from us on others, not from others on us."

"If thou lovest Glory, thou must trust her truth. She followeth him who doth not turn and gaze after her."

RICHARD I.

"Let me now tell my story . . . to confession another time. I sailed along the realms of my family; on the right was England, on the left was France; little else could I discover than sterile eminences and extensive shoals. They fled behind me; so pass away generations; so shift, and sink, and die away affections. In the wide ocean I was little of a monarch; old men guided me, boys instructed me; these taught me the names of my towns and harbors, those showed me the extent of my dominions; one cloud, that dissolved in one hour, half covered them.

"I debark in Sicily. I place my hand upon the throne of Tancred, and fix it. I sail again, and within a day or two I behold, as the sun is setting, the solitary majesty of Crete, mother of a religion, it is said, that lived two thousand years. Onward, and many specks bubble up along the blue Ægean; islands, every one of which, if the songs and stories of the pilots are true, is the monument of a greater man than I am. I leave them afar off . . . and for whom? O, abbot, to join creatures of less import than the sea-mews on their cliffs; men praying to be heard, and fearing to be understood, ambitious of

another's power in the midst of penitence, avaricious of another's wealth under vows of poverty, and jealous of another's glory in the service of their God. Is this Christianity? and is Saladin to be damned if he despises it?"

DEMOSTHENES.

"While I remember what I have been, I never can be less. External power can affect those only who have none intrinsically. I have seen the day, Eubulides, when the most august of cities had but one voice within her walls; and when the stranger, on entering them, stopped at the silence of the gateway, and said, 'Demosthenes is speaking in the assembly of the people.'"

"There are few who form their opinions of greatness from the individual. Ovid says, 'the girl is the least part of herself.' Of himself, certainly, the man is."

"No men are so facetious as those whose minds are somewhat perverted. Truth enjoys good air and clear light, but no playground."

"I found that the principal means (of gratifying the universal desire of happiness) lay in the avoidance of those very things, which had hitherto been taken up as the instruments of enjoyment and content; such as military commands, political offices, clients, adventures in commerce, and extensive landed property."

"Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or of obtaining the higher."

"Praise keeps good men good."

"The highest price we can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

"There is a gloom in deep love as in deep water; there is a silence in it which suspends the foot; and the folded arms, and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface; the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song."

"Anaxagoras is the true, firm, constant friend of Pericles; the golden lamp that shines perpetually on the image I adore."

[The Letter of Pericles to Aspasia in reply to her request to be permitted to visit Xenocrates.]

"Do what your heart tells you; yes, Aspasia, do *all* it tells you. Remember how august it is. It contains the temple,

not only of Love, but of Conscience; and a whisper is heard from the extremity of one to the extremity of the other.

"Bend in pensiveness, even in sorrow, on the flowery bank of youth, whereunder runs the stream that passes irreversibly! let the garland drop into it, let the hand be refreshed by it — but — may the beautiful feet of Aspasia stand firm."

E. *W. W. W.*

INWORLD.

AMID the watches of the windy night
A poet sat and listened to the flow
Of his own changeful thoughts, until there passed
A vision by him, murmuring, as it moved,
A wild and mystic lay — to which his thoughts
And pen kept time, and thus the measure ran: —

All is but as it seems.
The round green earth,
With river and glen;
The din and the mirth
Of the busy busy men;
The world's great fever
Throbbing forever;
The creed of the sage,
The hope of the age,
All things we cherish,
All that live and all that perish,
These are but inner dreams.

The great world goeth on
To thy dreaming;
To thee alone
Hearts are making their moan,
Eyes are streaming.
Thine is the white moon turning night to day,
Thine is the dark wood sleeping in her ray;
Thee the winter chills;
Thee the spring-time thrills;
All things nod to thee —
All things come to see
If thou art dreaming on.
If thy dream should break,
And thou shouldst awake,
All things would be gone.

Nothing is, if thou art not.
 From thee as from a root
 The blossoming stars upshoot,
 The flower cups drink the rain.
 Joy and grief and weary pain
 Spring aloft from thee,
 And toss their branches free.
 Thou art under, over all ;
 Thou dost hold and cover all ;
 Thou art Atlas — thou art Jove ; —
 The mightiest truth
 Hath all its youth
 From thy enveloping thought —
 Thy thought itself lay in thy earliest love.

Nature keeps time to thee
 With voice unbroken ;
 Still doth she rhyme to thee,
 When thou hast spoken.
 When the sun shines to thee,
 'Tis thy own joy
 Opening mines to thee
 Nought can destroy.
 When the blast moans to thee,
 Still doth the wind
 Echo the tones to thee
 Of thy own mind.
 Laughter but saddens thee
 When thou art glad,
 Life is not life to thee
 But as thou livest,
 Labor is strife to thee,
 When thou least strivest : —

More did the spirit sing, and made the night
 Most musical with inward melodies,
 But vanished soon and left the listening Bard
 Wrapt in unearthly silence — till the morn
 Reared up the screen that shuts the spirit-world
 From loftiest poet and from wisest sage.

C. P. C. *Crane*